The Outlook

Vol. 70 April 26, 1902 No. 17

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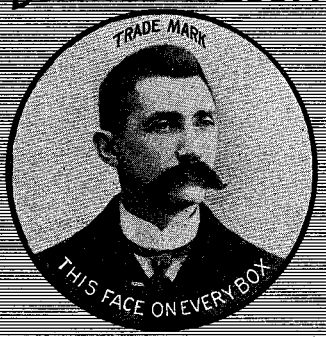

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The Outlook

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The Cuban Debate's Climax

The last week of the Cuban reciprocity debate was marked by increasing excitement, and ended in an event unexpected yet perhaps momentous in its consequences. Even before the features creating excitement were introduced, the debate had reached an unusually high level both in point of ability and earnestness. No one had put the moral argument for reciprocity with Cuba so strongly as did Mr. McCall, of Massachusetts, at the very beginning of last week. He said:

> One year ago we passed the Platt Amendment, which declared itself to be in fulfillment of the Teller Resolution. I was one of those who thought that Amendment scarcely compatible with the lofty declaration with which we embarked upon the war, but gentlemen with as keen a sense of National and personal honor as my own thought otherwise. Under that Amendment Cuba falls in all international matters under the absolute predominance of the United States. It practically prohibits her from making a treaty of commerce with another nation. Having deprived her of this power, we are bound to deal with her on terms of liberality. It is atrocious to assert that we have discharged all our obligations to Cuba when we set her out upon the highway thus bound hand and foot, as if all that remained for us hereafter was to sing praises to our own virtue for giving her freedom. It was said that destiny decreed that Cuba should become an integral part of our Union—destiny, which is so often a mere synonym of greed! I prefer to see Cuba flourish as an independent republic under the protection of our Nation in foreign affairs.

Mr. McCall's argument was for a larger concession than the twenty per cent. offered, and leading Democrats took the same ground in speeches of exceptional moral force. To this argument the beet-sugar Republicans made no effective reply, but, with a moral earnestness as great as that of their opponents, they insisted that reciprocity with Cuba was inconsistent with the principle of protection, and that the terms of the bill, reducing by twenty per cent. the tariff on raw sugar, while maintaining the present tariff on refined sugar, was grossly unfair to American farmers. They would not consent, their bolder representatives said, to a change in the tariff which decreased the protection given to an infant agricultural industry while increasing the protection given to the Sugar Trust.

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The Threatened Democratic Division

So earnestly was this said by some of the beet-sugar leaders that it became obvious that Democratic unity in favor of abolishing the protection given to the Sugar Trust might yield substantial results. It was known that the Chairman would rule out of order an amendment changing the tariff on refined sugar, but Mr. Tawney and Mr. Morris, of Minnesota, had shown that they were ready to introduce such an amendment, and it was so clearly germane to a bill reducing the sugar tariff that most of the beet-sugar Republicans were morally bound to support it. The important question was whether Democratic unity could be maintained in favor of the principle that tariffs protecting trusts should be reduced. Upon the first test vote taken—the vote to close the debate on Friday—thirty-two Democrats voted with the "cane-sugar" Republicans to stop the debate. The States represented by these dissenting Democrats were not closely observed until, at the Democratic caucus held Wednesday evening, Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, stated that the Republican leaders in the House offered to smother the Crumpacker resolution to investigate State election laws if the representatives of the Southern States threatened with reduced representation would sustain the Republican Chairman in ruling out of order the amendment against the Sugar Trust.

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When this statement was made, it was recalled that nearly all of the Democrats who had voted to close the debate had come from the Carolinas and the Gulf States particularly concerned in the defeat of the Crumpacker resolution. The contest in the Democratic caucus turned upon precisely this point. When a resolution was offered that the party should vote as a unit to remove the "differential" duty by which the Sugar Trust was protected, Mr. Williams, of Mississippi, offered a substitute declaring that while the party should as a unit support tariff reform amendments to the Sugar Bill, each representative should remain free to vote as he pleased upon the question of overruling decisions of the Chair. Mr. Williams confirmed Mr. Underwood's statement as to the understanding suggested by the Republican leaders, and urged strongly that the Crumpacker resolution should be killed at all hazards. About thirty Southern Democrats supported him, but the caucus finally voted by a majority of three to one that its members should use every opportunity to give effect to their tariff reform creed.

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The Republican Revolt

The Democratic caucus was held Thursday night. When the House assembled on Friday, the Republican supporters of the Crumpacker resolution were deeply indignant over the reported bargain to save the Sugar Trust, and, though the party leaders denied having made the offer reported by the Alabama and Mississippi Democrats, the spirit of revolt was stronger than ever. The day before this spirit had received striking expression in a speech by Mr. Cushman, of Washington, in which he had boldly asked who the leaders were to whom the members of the House surrendered their individual convictions, forfeiting their position as representatives of equal constituencies, and accepting the rôle of suppliants for the leaders' favors. "We adopted rules," he said, "which are an absolute disgrace to this House. They are un-Republican, un-Democratic, and un-American. They rob the individual member of his rights, and place upon some members duties which they have no capacity to fulfill." This speech of defiance was received with rounds of applause, indicating that the great body of Republicans as well as Democrats resented the tendency of the House rules to turn a deliberative assembly into an executive machine, governed by the will of a few men. When the vote approached on Friday, the House leaders were plainly on the defensive, and seemed to anticipate the defeat that awaited them. The test vote came when the Chair ruled out of order Mr. Morris's amendment to strike out the "differential" on refined sugar, and Mr. Tawney appealed from the decision of the Chair. Thirty-seven Republicans, including not only the Michigan, Minnesota, and California delegations, but Mr. Littlefield, of Maine, Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, and others not representing beet-sugar constituencies, supported the appeal, as did every Democrat present, and the Chair was overruled by a vote of 171 to 130. When the question was then presented of the adoption of the Morris amendment, fourteen Republicans who had voted to sustain the Chair in ruling it out of order now joined the revolt. All this took place in the Committee of the Whole. When the Committee rose, and the question came before the House, on a yea and nay vote, sixty-four Republicans had themselves recorded in favor of the amendment, giving a vote of 199 to 105 in favor of removing the "differential" protecting the Sugar Trust. By this amendment imported refined sugar, now subject to a duty of 1.95 cents a pound, will hereafter be subject to a duty of only 1.825 cents a pound, which is precisely the rate upon the finest grade of imported raw sugar. When this amendment had been adopted, the bill as amended was passed by a vote of 247 to 52—only forty-three Republicans and nine Democrats voting against it. Under this bill the great bulk of Cuban sugar may be admitted subject to a duty of about 1⅓ cents a pound, and the American Sugar Company, which is able to export sugar to Canada in competition with foreign refiners, will be obliged to sell sugar to the people of this country as cheaply as to those abroad.

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Fairer Treatment of the Chinese

As the Chinese Exclusion Bill debate progressed, there was a growing disposition to put a fairer construction upon our treaty with China and not to impose re-

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strictions upon the Chinese which we would be unwilling that their Government should impose upon Americans. When motions were made to strike out the clauses of the bill which shut out from this country all Chinese students except such as wished to pursue higher branches that could not be studied in their own country, and to shut out all Chinese teachers except such as had been engaged to teach in our colleges, these clauses were stricken out by practically unanimous consent. Soon the interest in the original bill became secondary to the interest in the Platt substitute, which it was evident would take its place. This substitute was amended by its friends so as to continue the present Chinese exclusion law even if the present treaty with China should be annulled, and amended by its opponents so as to require all Chinese in the Philippines to obtain certificates of residence containing photograph of the holder, under penalty of deportation. In its final form the Platt substitute excludes Chinese immigration from the Philippines as rigidly as from our own country. Such exclusion is desired by the Filipinos, though opposed by capitalists interested in the industrial development of the islands. The Platt substitute as amended was adopted by a vote of 48 to 33, 43 Republicans and 5 Democrats voting for it, and 8 Republicans and 25 Democrats voting against it. When the contest between the original "Pacific Coast" bill and the Platt substitute was thus decided, the transformed bill was adopted by a vote of 76 to 1—Senator Hoar alone voting in the negative. The outcome is, we think, fairly satisfactory to nearly this proportion of the people of the country, for even on the Pacific coast the acceptance of the more drastic provisions of the original bill was by no means universally demanded. It is to be regretted, however, that the debate upon the bill turned so exclusively upon the material interests of American labor or American commerce, and so little upon the promotion of our civilization or the protection of the manhood rights of the Chinese.

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The President's Philippine Order

The order cabled to General Chaffee at Manila by Secretary Root at the direction of the President is so clear-cut and positive that it gives the best possible assurance that the charges of cruelty and of conduct contrary to military usage will receive searching investigation. The order closes with these words, which are thought by many readers from internal evidence to have been written by the President himself:

> The President desires to know in the fullest and most circumstantial manner all the facts, nothing being concealed, and no man being for any reason favored or shielded. For the very reason that the President intends to back up the army in the heartiest fashion in every lawful and legitimate method of doing its work, he also intends to see that the most rigorous care is exercised to detect and prevent any cruelty or brutality, and that men who are guilty thereof are punished. Great as the provocation has been in dealing with foes who habitually resort to treachery, murder, and torture against our men, nothing can justify, or will be held to justify, the use of torture or inhuman conduct of any kind on the party of the American army.

Specifically, the order directs General Chaffee to report as to the progress of investigation of the charges made by Governor Gardener, of Tayabas Province, summarized in these columns last week; to place General Jacob H. Smith on trial by court martial if it is true that Major Waller and other witnesses testified in the Waller trial that General Smith gave verbal instructions to kill and burn, placing the age-limit for killing "everything over ten;" and to send witnesses to this country, if such can be found, to confirm the evidence before the Senate Committee given by Sergeant Riley and Private Smith, of the Twenty-sixth Volunteer Infantry (corroborated since the order was issued by one or two other witnesses), to the effect that Lieutenant Conger, Major Glenn, and Assistant Surgeon Lyon, on June 27, 1900, ordered a detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry to inflict the torture known as the water-cure upon the Presidente of the town of Igbarras, who had, it was believed, violated the oath of allegiance he had taken to the United States by assisting the insurgents, the purpose of the torture being to extract information from him. Secretary Root states that it is believed that such violations of law and humanity are few and occasional and do not characterize the conduct of the army in the Philippines. In our Correspondence department a letter will be found relating to the charges against Major Glenn and

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those accused with him. Another court martial has already begun in Manila; it is to try Lieutenant O. H. A. Day, of the Marine Corps, on the charge of executing an insurgent without trial. During the week, in addition to the testimony given before the Senate Committee, two private soldiers, returned volunteers, by name Edward T. Beal and John T. Monahan, of the Thirty-fifth Volunteer Infantry, have made statements in San Francisco for publication, to the effect that the water-cure torture was very frequently employed to extract information. One of these men declares that he assisted in the application of the water-cure in twelve or fifteen cases to extort confessions as to where arms were concealed, and that under orders of Lieutenant Hughes at San Miguel de Mayumo the torture was inflicted on a ten-year-old Filipino boy, whose father was a paymaster in the insurgent army, to make the boy guide the soldiers to his father; no doubt these soldiers will be called before the Senate Committee; meanwhile it is well to say that stories told to newspapers in this way require confirmation before they are accepted fully. Still another case is reported from Manila of an officer to be tried for inflicting the water-cure—Lieutenant Norman E. Cook, of the Philippine Scouts. In connection with all these charges we may note the fact that over a year ago Mr. George Kennan, in a series of three articles on "Conditions in the Philippines," written by him for The Outlook, showed that there were undoubtedly cases of improper conduct on the part of our men, but that the army authorities were trying to suppress them. In point of fact, about fifty convictions by court martial on such charges have taken place, as is shown in Mr. Kennan's article on "The Charges of Cruelty in the Philippines," printed in The Outlook a few weeks ago. We comment in another column, editorially, on the general subject of the charges of cruelty against our army.

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Philippine Campaign News

Two very important items of news have come from the Philippines during the week. The first is the unconditional surrender to General Bell in Batangas Province of the insurgent leader General Malvar, with the entire insurgent force of the provinces of Batangas and Laguna. This probably puts an end to insurgent activity in these provinces, and goes a long way toward securing the general peace of the Archipelago. General Malvar has been of late the ablest and most active of the insurgent leaders, and his surrender was due to an indefatigable and brilliant campaign on the part of General Bell. It is pleasant to note that General Bell has been especially commended by General Wheaton for his humane and careful conduct toward the natives throughout. The other item to which we refer is less agreeable in character. General Chaffee announces the despatch of an expedition of twelve hundred men to Mindanao for the purpose of securing the arrest of the assassins of two or three soldiers killed under treacherous circumstances by six Moros. The chiefs or dattos have refused to surrender the assassins, and have also refused to confer with the American military authorities on the subject. This last fact indicates the danger of hostilities with the chiefs. General Chaffee believes that it is absolutely important that our authority in Mindanao be respected, and he proposes to take every possible precaution to prevent a general war, while at the same time he will insist upon the punishment of the guilty men and upon our Government's right to explore the country in the island. It is evident that the situation in Mindanao is in danger of becoming critical, but it is to be hoped that the expedition will meet with no serious resistance. The Moros are fanatical Mohammedans, famous for their fierceness. Up to this time our authorities have been able to avoid serious difficulty with them. We may note also that the cholera epidemic in Manila continues to be unabated. So far very few white people have been affected, but a recent report states that there have been in Manila three hundred and thirty-two cases and two hundred and fifty-three deaths; while in the provinces the figures are almost double these.

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A Questionable Appointment

Almost every appointment made up to this time by President Roosevelt has been so eminently fit that it has instantly explained itself; the only important ex-

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ception to this statement is the recent appointment of Mr. James S. Clarkson as Surveyor of Customs at this port. Mr. Clarkson has been all his political life an adherent of the boss and the spoils system; a man whose affiliations have been with men of the stripe of Senator Platt rather than of the character of President Roosevelt. He has been a conspicuous advocate of the spoils system and a conspicuous opponent of Civil Service Reform, and in doctrine, in preaching, and in practice he has upheld and illustrated the un-American feudal idea that to the victors belong the spoils, and that public office is private opportunity. As First Assistant Postmaster-General under President Harrison he made an extraordinary record as a remover of Government officials. In the post-offices of the fourth-class order, in a single week, he made more than a thousand changes. President Roosevelt in a speech at St. Louis declared that during Mr. Clarkson's "term of service as First Assistant Postmaster-General he administered that office and had it administered as it was administered before him, and as it must be under the spoils system, by turning out all the fourth-class postmasters, competent and incompetent alike, if the people who sought their places had sufficient political backing." The position to which Mr. Clarkson has been appointed is not a place of great importance; but the President has been so conspicuously the leader of Civil Service Reform, and Mr. Clarkson so conspicuously the opponent of Civil Service Reform, that this appointment needs explanation. The Outlook has such confidence in the President that it is willing to wait for the President's reasons.

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Senator Quay Bends

It is rather a curious and certainly an unusual sight to see Senator Quay bowing responsive to public opinion and using his influence to give it force and effect. And yet this is the very thing he has done within a week or two in the Pennsylvania gubernatorial contest. For months past the Republican machine leaders have been pressing for the nomination of Attorney-General John P. Elkin, who typifies in his person and career machine rule pure and simple. These leaders have been seeking to shelve Senator Quay and set up in business for themselves through the nomination of one of themselves. The tide of discontent has been rising in Pennsylvania ever since the adjournment of the last notorious Legislature, and shrewd observers have predicted that the Republicans were predestined to defeat, especially if they nominated Elkin, who represented in his own person the shortcomings and iniquities of the machine during the past four or five years. Politicians foresaw that not only were the Republicans likely to lose a Governor if such a course were pursued, but likewise Congressmen and the Legislature, carrying with it the defeat of a Republican Senator. Independent Republicans, however, have taken no hand in the fight against Elkin, because they felt they could administer a crushing rebuke to those responsible for the degradation of Pennsylvania politics; but this did not prevent the growth and expression of a widespread feeling of revolt against Elkin and his fellow-bosses. Senator Quay's influence has been sought to help out in the plans of the latter; but in vain. On the 11th instant he unqualifiedly declared against Mr. Elkin, saying, "I regard his candidacy under present conditions as threatening to Republican success upon the State, Congressional, and Legislative tickets, and, if I am a delegate to the Republican State Convention, I cannot support him. I have no candidate for the position of Governor, or any other position. The selection of candidates is for the Convention." This has proved a popular move, such strong anti-Quay papers as the Philadelphia "Press" commending this use of his power, although deprecating the conditions which give to one man such power. Elkin, who is backed by Governor Stone and the State officials, has refused to withdraw, although it is conceded that with Quay, Penrose, and Durham against him he has no chance whatever. The latter, who was regarded as Quay's successor and who had declared he was for General Elkin "sink or swim," has announced that he concurs with Senator Quay, and thus confesses that Quay has not lost his control of the State's politics. Senator Quay, in announcing that he has no candidate for

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Governor, adds that he leaves the nomination to the "untrammeled" choice of the voters.

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The Northern Securities Company

An interesting new stage in the Northern Securities controversy has been initiated by Attorney-General Stratton, of the State of Washington. On behalf of his State he has applied to the United States Supreme Court for leave to file a bill against the Northern Securities Company, the Great Northern, and the Northern Pacific Railway Companies. The railway companies, not being citizens of Washington, were included with the Securities Company as defendants to avoid the objection under which the Court refused to entertain the similar bill of the State of Minnesota. Mr. Stratton seeks an injunction restraining the Securities Company from exercising the management, direction, or control of the railway companies, and against the railway companies from recognizing the Securities Company as the owner or holder of any shares of stock in either. Mr. Stratton asserts that to vest the ownership of a majority of the shares of the stock of the two companies in the Northern Securities Company is a practical consolidation of the two properties, and that such a union is forbidden by the Constitution of the State of Washington. He terms the Northern Securities Company a "conspiracy," and asserts that "the interest of the individual stockholders in the property and franchise of the two railway companies was to terminate and to be converted into an interest in the property and franchise of the Northern Securities Company. The individual stockholders were no longer to hold an interest in or draw their dividends from the earnings of either of said railway companies, but rather from the earnings of both systems, collected and distributed by such holding corporation. The defendant, the Northern Securities Company, is not only exercising the right of ownership of such stock, but also dictating the management of said railway companies." In his short brief opposing the granting of the application, ex-Attorney-General Griggs declared that none of the acts complained of are alleged to have been done within the jurisdiction of the State of Washington, and that "no law of Washington or of any other State limits the amount of stock which one person, whether natural or corporate, may buy and hold. No law of any State or country makes the right to vote upon stock dependent on the motives or purposes of the stockholder. The act of the individual stockholders is not the action of the corporation, and cannot be treated as such for purposes of judicial relief. . . . As a matter of fact, none of the defendants have combined or made any contract for any of the purposes charged." As we go to press, we learn that the Supreme Court, in an opinion delivered by the Chief Justice, has granted the leave to file an injunction bill as asked.

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The Steamship Merger

Last week the announcement was made that six transatlantic steamship companies had agreed to combine their interests into a new holding company, similar in plan to that of the United States Steel Corporation. The lines in the amalgamation are the Leyland, of 46 ships, with nearly 300,000 tonnage; the White Star Line, of 26 ships and 250,000 tonnage; the American and Red Star Lines (which are now operated together), of 26 ships and nearly 190,000 tons; the Atlantic Transport Line, of 12 ships and 80,000 tons; and the Dominion Line, of 8 ships and about 70,000 tons. The capitalization of these companies is to be in the neighborhood of two hundred million dollars, which about represents the property absorbed. The control of the company is to be held in this country, but it will be none the less a strictly international organization, fostering the various lines included in the consolidation, preserving their autonomy, and respecting their national and local surroundings. The expectation of the promoters is to make increased profit over any obtained in the past by reason of centralized and economical management; at the same time the combination will give better transatlantic service at a decreased cost. In time a system of daily departures from New York will be established—an innovation which has long been seen to be a necessity. New York, however, is by no means the only port to receive benefit. The lines represented have routes to Montreal, Portland, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans. Thus the

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railways to the West from these ports will also be benefited.

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Assassination of a Russian Minister

Mr. Dmitri S. Sipiagin, the Russian Minister of the Interior, was assassinated April 15, in the Imperial Council Chamber at St. Petersburg, by a young student of the Kiev University named Balshaneff. The assassin gained access to the Chamber in the disguise of a military officer, and shot the Minister through the body with a revolver while pretending to hand him a letter. Russian newspapers have not been allowed, as yet, to publish any information with regard to the tragedy, and foreign correspondents are not agreed as to the motives of the murderer or the precise significance of the crime. Some regard it merely as an act of personal vengeance on the part of a single aggrieved student, while others are inclined to think that it indicates a revival of the "terroristic" method of warfare which was adopted by a fraction of the Russian revolutionary party in 1878 and which culminated in the assassination of Alexander II. in 1881. The probability seems to be that the crime is an outcome of the intense feeling excited—especially among the students—by the "Temporary Rules" for the government of the Russian universities, the sending of disorderly students into the army as common soldiers, and the recent collisions between students and the police in various parts of the Empire. Mr. Sipiagin is the second Russian Minister who has been murdered since the beginning of last year; and in this case, as in the case of the Minister of Public Instruction, the assassin is a student. Mr. Sipiagin was about fifty years of age, and entered the service of the Government as a subordinate officer of the Ministry of the Interior in 1876. In 1886 he was appointed vice-Governor of Kharkoff, in 1888 Governor of Courland, in 1891 Governor of Moscow, and in 1900 he became Minister of the Interior. He had the confidence of the Czar, but he was not a man of conspicuous ability, and was regarded by the liberals as an obscurant and a reactionist. He will be succeeded by Mr. Vyacheslav Konstantinovich von Pleve, who was appointed Chief of the Department of Imperial Police just after the assassination of Alexander II. in 1881, and who has occupied since that time many positions of responsibility and trust in the Ministry of the Interior, as well as at the head of various commissions appointed to investigate and report upon important questions of Imperial administration.

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The Belgian Situation

Last week, by a vote of 84 to 64, the Belgian Chamber of Representatives rejected the proposal to revise the Constitution of Belgium so as to provide for the suppression of plural voting. Great excitement followed. The Socialists held a public meeting at which their leader, M. van der Welde, urged his hearers to be calm and said that the King should intervene; a word from the monarch would bring peace. The orator added: "The days for street barricades are over. We rely on moral force, and therein is our strength." Perhaps in consequence of these wise words, the rioting in Brussels ceased. At Bruges and Louvain, however, it continued, and additions were made to the list of dead and wounded. The least reassuring feature of the whole situation has been the sight of some of the militia, called out to quell the riots, singing the "Carmagnole" and the "Marseillaise." It was necessary to arrest several militiamen for disorder. Meanwhile the strike, involving a hundred and fifty thousand laborers and temporarily paralyzing Belgium's vast industries, continues, largely due to the insistence of M. van der Welde, whose authority over the Socialists seems to be a real one. Even he, however, may find it difficult to prolong the situation, in view of Parliament's action. Nevertheless, it is impossible for radicals everywhere not to sympathize with the Socialists' demand—which has also had the support of Belgian Liberals—that no man shall have more than one vote. Under the present constitution, while every man who has lived for five years in the same commune has one vote, every man of thirty-five years who has legitimate issue and pays a land tax of at least a dollar a year has two votes, a number also given to a man only twenty-five years old who has realty valued at a minimum of four hundred dollars. To the last named, in the event of a college education, three votes are given.

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Thus, according to the opinion of many, these classes exercise an undue influence; at the last election, for instance, nearly a million five hundred thousand voters cast over two million two hundred thousand votes.

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Boer Peace Terms

The Klerksdorp conference between the Transvaal and Orange Free State Boers, which came to an end week before last, has now been followed by a Boer-British peace meeting at Pretoria. On Friday of last week Mr. Balfour, the Government leader, was able to state in the House of Commons that "after two conferences between Lord Milner, the British High Commissioner of South Africa, and Lord Kitchener and the Boer delegates at Pretoria, Lord Kitchener, while refusing to grant an armistice, on military grounds, has agreed to give facilities for the election and meeting of representatives of the various Boer commandos to consider the position. The Boer leaders have therefore left Pretoria to carry out this plan." Mr. Balfour added: "It is not expected that communication between the British authorities and the Boer leaders can be resumed in less than three weeks' time." This statement of present conditions made a generally favorable impression. It was argued with some show of reason that the action of the Boer leaders demonstrates the favorable attitude of a majority of the Boer leaders towards the acceptance of peace terms. The submission of the question to a plebiscite of Boer burghers is according to Boer law, which requires the leaders of armed forces in the field to take the opinion of their followers before concluding peace. The Boer leaders had asked for an armistice pending the negotiations. This was refused. It is believed that, in return for the loss of independence, the Boers are demanding (1) that the Cape rebels be placed on the same footing as the burghers with respect to amnesty; (2) that Lord Kitchener's banishment proclamation be withdrawn; that (3) Great Britain shall rebuild and restock the farms, (4) take over the legal claims and liabilities of the two republics, and (5) grant a representative government within a shorter period than is now contemplated. We trust that the British Government may see its way to granting these demands. The war may leave a considerable number of irreconcilable Boers. In his recent book Dr. Conan Doyle cleverly suggests that these form a Boer reservation in the Watersberg and Zoutpansberg hills in North Transvaal. In this reservation Dr. Doyle would have the irreconcilable Boers held, as the Basutos live in Basutoland, or as the Indians live in our own Indian Territory, or even as the inhabitants of the Protected States in India live. As long as the Boers remain peaceable under the British flag, Dr. Doyle would guarantee them complete protection from the invasion of the prospector or the miner. "Let them live their own lives in their own way, with some form of home rule of their own. . . . The British colony will be all the stronger for the placing in quarantine of those who might infect their neighbors with their own bitterness. Such a State could not be a serious source of danger, since we could control all the avenues by which arms could reach it. . . . Without such a plan, the Empire will have no safety-valve in South Africa."

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The Revolt in Southern China

Last week the revolt in southern China concentrated itself in the siege of the city of Nanning, a prefectural town and a very important center of trade in the province of Kuangsi. An unconfirmed report says that the place has already fallen; there is great difficulty in obtaining speedy tidings, as the telegraph wires beyond Wuchau on the Canton-Nanning line have been cut. The country around Nanning has long been simmering with discontent, due ostensibly to oppression by the prefect of that district, but really rather to the constant intrigues of French agents. While the rebels are doubtless sincere in their desire to seize the three southernmost provinces, Kuangtung, Kuangsi, and Yunnan, and to establish an independent government there, most observers see in the whole affair the instigation of France, whose ambition has long been to possess these very provinces. The rebels declare that they will not attack the great city of Canton until the provinces have been reduced!—by this course they hope to avoid collisions with the troops of the foreign powers. In all their dealings with them the rebels are distinctly friendly

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towards all foreigners and Christians; for instance, the post is permitted to penetrate everywhere into the three provinces for the accommodation of the foreigners still there. General trade, however, is paralyzed; the stores of Hongkong are packed with goods stopped on their way to the interior. The total rebel force is said to be about ten thousand men.

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The Methodist Thank-Offering

The Twentieth Century Thank-Offering movement of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has been in operation for the last two years, promises to result even more successfully than its most sanguine supporters hoped at the beginning. The scheme, which contemplates the raising of $20,000,000 as a thank-offering for the favor of God upon the denomination, was inaugurated by the Board of Bishops in the fall of 1898, but was not put into effect until some months later, when Edmund M. Mills, D.D., of Elmira, N. Y., was elected corresponding secretary of the movement and began to formulate plans for its development. It was suggested by the Bishops that of the $20,000,000 to be raised, which was to be "over and above all ordinary contributions for the maintenance ond spread of the Kingdom of Christ," one-half be given to the universities, theological seminaries, colleges, and other schools of the Church, and the other half to hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged, and the various other charitable institutions, and also for the payment of debts on Church property. It took some time to arouse the Church to the full significance of the movement, but when this had been accomplished the streams of money began to flow and to increase in volume, until now Dr. Mills reports that $7,500,000 has been paid on Church debts, $6,250,000 has been contributed to the various educational institutions of the Church, and $2,250,000 to philanthropies and charities. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society decided to raise $200,000, but the total subscribed at last accounts was $401,000; while the Woman's Home Missionary Society, which also sought to secure $200,000, reports $186,000 subscribed. Special attention has been given in the various annual conferences to the fund for the support of the worn-out preachers, and so far about a third of a million has been reported. It was the original intention to close the fund by January 1, 1902, but so great is the interest in the movement that it is to continue in operation until the end of this year. That the desired $20,000,000 will be secured by that date there is no doubt in the minds of those who are directing the movement; already $16,000,000 has been contributed, but the sum would be much larger if all the returns were in. In New York City the movement is under the special direction of Ezra S. Tipple, D.D., and the particular purpose of it is to raise $1,000,000, of which sum about $700,000 has been subscribed. As many of the New York Methodist churches are burdened with debt, and some of them very heavily, Dr. Tipple has given much attention to the removal of these burdens, and so far $400,000 has been pledged to this end, to the unspeakable relief of fifteen or more churches. There are still over thirty churches carrying troublesome debts, amounting to about $400,000, and efforts will now be directed toward their release. In addition, funds are being secured for the benefit of the Deaconess Home, the worn-out preachers, and St. Christopher's Home. It is interesting to see how the thank-offering idea has been caught up by other Churches throughout the country, and indeed in various parts of the world, and how, almost invariably, great spiritual benefits have followed.

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The Jewish Theological Seminary

Last week Dr. Solomon Schechter, who was recently called to the presidency of the Jewish Theological Seminary, New York City, arrived in this country. The Jews, not only of the metropolis, but of all America, are much gratified that Dr. Schechter has become the head of their seminary. He is a Rumanian Jew; he was educated in Vienna and at the University of Berlin. Twelve years ago he was called to Cambridge, England, as Lecturer in Rabbinics, and a year ago was appointed Curator in the Oriental language department at the University there. He has written a good deal on Hebrew history and literature, but is perhaps best known for his discoveries made

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six years ago at Cairo. These discoveries brought to light a quantity of manuscripts which had disappeared centuries ago; some were in the original Hebrew, some in Greek, and some in old French. He presented the manuscripts to the University of Cambridge on one condition—namely, that he should always have access to them and use them whenever he desired. They were thus accepted, and hence it is believed that some of them may find a temporary home at the Jewish Theological Seminary in this country. As Dr. Schechter's Cambridge lectures were attended by Anglicans, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and other non-Hebrews, he expects that the same conditions will obtain here. The faculty of the Jewish Theological Seminary is to consist of seven members. When candidates are ready for examination, they may present themselves as applicants for the Rabbinical degree and for the degree of Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Hebrew Literature. There will be no charge for tuition, as the institution has an ample endowment, due to the bounty of Messrs. Schiff, Lewisohn, and Guggenheimer. The institution has had temporary quarters in Lexington Avenue, but work has been begun on the new seminary building near the corner of Amsterdam Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-third Street.

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Young Men's Christian Association Jubilee

The semi-centennial of the New York Association, but six months younger than that at Boston, the oldest in the country, was celebrated April 18, the exact date, June 30, falling in the out-of-town season. Tables for a thousand were spread for the dinner at the Grand Central Palace, which was amply decorated, and ladies filled the galleries during the after-dinner speeches. The varied and sometimes jovial character of the exercises gave cause to President Stryker, of Hamilton College, once Assistant Secretary of the Twenty-third Street Branch, to remark in the closing address: "The day has passed, and never will come again, when the Christian Association man was one with a sweet smile and a Bible. It stands to-day for a ubiquitous and varied meeting of all phases of a young man's needs." Great enthusiasm greeted Dr. Cuyler, who made the first address, beginning "My Fellow Young Men." Though Dr. Cuyler has passed his eightieth birthday, he spoke with all his old fire and force. He joined the Association in its infancy, was more active for it in its early years than any other pastor, and declared that he felt almost as fresh now as then. "Union in Christ for men out of Christ" formed, with many reminiscences, his ringing speech. Other addresses by chairmen of various branches reviewed the field and organization, the scope of service, and the resources of the Association. Mr. William E. Dodge, one of the founders, said that the Association aims "to make a good body to carry a soul that can resist evil." Vice-President Cox, of the Michigan Central, spoke for the Railroad Branch; it should aim now to convert the officers of the railroads. He relied on the Association to help solve the problem created by the trusts. President Roosevelt, Mayor Low, and Bishop Potter sent letters regretting their absence and testifying their interest.

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Association Work, Membership, etc.

The New York Association is now one of the most highly developed and best equipped in the world, if its enterprises now in progress are considered. Its work is carried on at thirty-three different points in the city; not yet enough, it was said, in view of the miles intervening between some of them. Its membership is over ten thousand, nearly one-third of whom are in Bible classes and other classes of instruction, and two-fifths practice in the gymnasiums. Half a million meals were supplied by its restaurants during the year. It will, perhaps, surprise some to learn that its Roman Catholic members number 954, while the next largest number, 876, come from the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Presbyterians following with 865. Next in order come the Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, and many others. The Association has two and a half millions now invested in buildings and funds. President Dodge announced at the jubilee that its indebtedness of $300,000 had been canceled by four of its friends. For the further equipment required this year $115,000 is yet to be raised. None of this is for the fine building of the Naval

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Branch in Brooklyn, costing about $450,000, which will be dedicated next month, a memorial of the liberality of Miss Gould.

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Three Men of Mark The pulpit of New York loses one of its well-known figures and one of its high-minded and spiritual teachers by the death of the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Eaton, of the Church of the Divine Paternity. The work and responsibility of an important city church bore heavily upon Dr. Eaton, and his health gave way under the strain. Graduating from Tufts College and the Tufts Divinity School, Dr. Eaton was ordained in Massachusetts in 1877, and four years later came to this city as the successor of the eloquent Dr. Chapin, long one of the foremost preachers of New York. Dr. Eaton was a man of very attractive personality, of liberal thought, and an interesting preacher. He had many friends; and the church he has left will find it difficult to fill his place.——The Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Scoville was less prominent, but was a man of marked characteristics and of great cordiality of nature. He was graduated from Yale and from the Andover Theological Seminary, and became pastor of the Congregational church at Norwich, N. Y., where he remained twenty-five years and made a very distinct mark on the community. Accepting a call from the Congregational church at Stamford, Conn., he entered upon a second pastorate of twenty years. Since last September he had been acting as assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, where he had long been known through his connection with Mr. Beecher, whose daughter he married. He was a man of sterling character, of broad sympathies, of great simplicity, and he was devoted to his work.——Williams College has lost one of its most accomplished scholars and one of its most faithful teachers in the death of Professor Orlando M. Fernald, who died in Boston last week. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and at Harvard University. After his graduation he became principal of the Exeter High School, then classical master in the High School at Springfield, Mass., from which post he was called in 1872 to the professorship of Greek at Williamstown. Professor Fernald was a thorough scholar in every sense of the word, an indefatigable worker, and a competent and conscientious teacher. His service to Williams College was of the heart as well as of the head. He gave out all that he had to give of knowledge, skill, and strength. The College has never had more faithful service from any teacher, nor has it ever had a man of finer integrity of intellect and character.

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Dr. Butler's Installation The installation of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler as President of Columbia University, which took place in this city on Saturday afternoon of last week, lacked no element of academic dignity and beauty. The presence of the President of the United States, the heads of the older universities and many of the newer colleges, representatives in great numbers from the whole academic body, men of distinction in letters, science, art, and the industrial world, and of a vast audience crowding the beautiful academic hall to its utmost capacity, attested the general interest and broadly represented the higher life of the country. The academic procession was impressive by reason of the quality and standing of the men who took part in it, its length, and the picturesque effect of the great variety of academic hoods and gowns, and was invested with an unusual popular interest by the presence of President Roosevelt, whose personal popularity in his own city was demonstrated by the enthusiasm with which he was received at every point, and by the cheers with which he was welcomed when he appeared in the vast auditorium. Addresses were made by the representatives of the various bodies of the University, by the Presidents of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Chicago, and the United States Commissioner of Education, and finally by Dr. Butler himself. The beautiful situation of Columbia and its noble housing were never more manifest than on Saturday afternoon. Dr. Butler brings to his distinguished and difficult position so many admirable qualities that, while his burdens are very heavy, his opportunities dwarf them. It is to be hoped that the financial aid which the University needs will not be withheld by the men of New York who understand the vital relation which it must hold to the higher life of the city of to-day and of the future.

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College Events The record of great gifts for education is becoming so much a matter of course that it is continuous from week to week. Quite lately Dr. Henry Hopkins, the President-elect of Williams College, in his first address to the students since his election, had the satisfaction of announcing that Mrs. F. F. Thompson, of this city, had expressed her desire to build at Williamstown a beautiful college chapel in memory of her husband, who was for many years an enthusiastic and generous trustee of the College. Mrs. Thompson's generosity meets one of the most pressing needs of Williams College, and it is to be hoped will open the way for other additions to the resources of the College.——Edinburgh University honored Professor William James, of Harvard University, and President Schurman, of Cornell University, with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws last week.——At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of Adelphi College, a non-sectarian co-educational institution of Brooklyn, Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, the President of the Board, made the announcement that John D. Rockefeller would give the College $125,000, on condition that a similar amount be subscribed by others within a year from next July. At the meeting of the Board $25,000 towards the amount required was pledged.

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Lord Kelvin The visit of Lord Kelvin to this country naturally recalls his great services to the world as a scientist and inventor. To students of physics of a generation ago he will still perhaps be best remembered as Sir William Hamilton, although under his new title he has added not a little to his reputation as the most eminent of English scientists of the class who have made practical commercial application of their discoveries. In the realm of pure science he has made important contributions to the world's knowledge of the theories of the laws of the correlation and conservation of energy, to the wave theory of electricity, to the laws governing atomic chemistry, and to other hardly less important topics. In applied science it is due to Lord Kelvin largely that the obstacles of submarine telegraphy have been overcome; while his inventions have improved the mariner's compass, have introduced new methods of deep-sea sounding, have made the exact prediction of tides possible, and have brought into use scores of effective electrical and mechanical devices of great utility. By all who honor science Lord Kelvin will be welcomed to America with affection and appreciation. It was inevitable that on his arrival Lord Kelvin should be questioned by reporters about the wireless telegraph system and the Santos-Dumont "dirigible" balloons, for he has been warmly interested in both the general subjects involved. It is interesting to know that he considers wireless telegraphy one of the most wonderful inventions the world has ever seen, and believes that it will be of great commercial use some day. On the other hand, he says of the Santos-Dumont airship that the plan is "a delusion and a snare," adding:

> A gas balloon paddled around with oars is an old idea, and can never be of any practical use. I have not seen or heard, so far, of any airship that could be used for commercial purposes. Some day, no doubt, some one will invent a flying-machine that one will be able to navigate without having to have a balloon attachment. But the day is a long way off when we will see human beings sailing around like the birds.

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Custom-House Regulations Secretary Shaw has treated the matter of customs inspections in this city with great fairness, and is evidently determined to do what he can, so far as the law as it now stands will permit, to secure just and courteous treatment of incoming passengers at this port. There has been, even among the most intelligent, great uncertainty as to what is and what is not dutiable. Secretary Shaw proposes to put in the hands of outgoing tourists a circular explaining in detail the statutes respecting duties and declarations. It is to be hoped that this circular will be full and explicit, and that it will interpret in specific terms the purpose of the Government. The Secretary also suggests that returning travelers shall place all dutiable goods which are to be declared together and in a place which will be accessible to the inspector, in order that it may no longer be necessary to empty the contents of trunks on the wharves. More important

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than all, it is understood to be the Secretary's intention to require inspectors to credit the passengers' oaths, to collect duty only on declared articles, and to refrain from searching examination except in those cases where there is reason to believe that smuggling is being attempted. The examinations are to take place on a part of the dock which shall be inclosed for the purpose; and the undignified and distressing spectacles which have sometimes been seen on the piers will be seen no more. In other words, Secretary Shaw proposes to treat returning Americans as if they were honest persons, bent neither upon smuggling nor lying; and we are confident that such an attitude on the part of the Government will not diminish its revenue, while it will remove a reproach which Americans, sensitive to the honor and dignity of the Government, have felt very deeply.

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A Church of the Pioneers

Marietta, the first permanent settlement made in Ohio, then part of the Northwest Territory, founded in 1788 by pioneers from Massachusetts and Connecticut, and, in the then prevailing gratitude for French succor in the Revolutionary War, named for Queen Marie Antoinette, has the oldest Congregational church west of the Alleghanies. This church of the pioneers, organized in 1796, dedicated in 1809 its meeting-house, now remodeled and enlarged, and rededicated last January. At one time there were in its congregation seventeen officers of the Revolutionary War. This old church has been a mother church to many. Twelve colonies have gone forth from it to form as many churches, and it has exerted a formative influence on the religious development of the remoter West.

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England's Bread Taxes Renewed

England's new Budget, reported to the House of Commons last week by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, brings home to her taxpayers the terrible cost of the Boer war. The new taxes imposed a year ago have been productive above the estimates. The new tax on exports of coal produced a revenue of $8,000,000; the new tax on imports of sugar produced $33,000,000; the increased income tax produced $174,000,000; and the new system of inheritance taxes established by the last Liberal Ministry yielded the unprecedented sum of $67,000,000. But, in spite of all these gains, the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that unless new taxes were imposed and the sinking fund payment suspended, the estimated expenditures of the coming year would involve a further deficit of $225,000,000! The cost of the war for three years stood at $825,000,000, and while the Chancellor hoped it was soon to end, he considered it his duty to provide for the worst. Even peace would not bring a sudden end to South African expenditures, since nearly $90,000,000 would be required for gratuities to the troops, the bringing home of soldiers, and the maintenance of a South African constabulary. "War," said the Chancellor, "is a costly thing to wage and a costly thing to terminate."

But the grim frankness of the Chancellor's statement did not end with his report of the magnitude of the impending deficit. With just as little disposition to minimize the costliness of the war, the Chancellor proceeded to recommend that a part of the deficit should be provided against by new taxes, which would be felt by the great body of the taxpayers. The well-to-do classes he would reach by increasing the stamp taxes and adding another penny in the pound to the income tax—making it amount to six per cent., or three weeks' income out of the year—and the working classes he would reach by restoring the old "registration" taxes on imported grain and flour. From the former taxes he anticipated an increased income of $12,000,000, and from the tax on breadstuffs an income of $13,000,000. The balance of the deficit he would meet by suspending the sinking fund payments and raising $160,000,000 by a new loan.

Naturally, it was the restoration of the old tax on bread which stirred England and arrested the attention of the whole world. The Chancellor of the Exchequer protested that his recommendation involved no return to the protective system repudiated by England in the repeal of the corn laws, and on his part this protest was no doubt sincere. The bread

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taxes proposed—threepence per hundredweight on grain and fivepence on flour and meal—are merely the "registration" taxes, which survived for more than twenty years the triumph of the Anti-Corn Law League. They were, however, repealed by Lowe and Gladstone to make England's free-trade policy absolute and resolute. Their reimposition makes her free-trade policy qualified and irresolute.

The Chancellor's argument that these taxes involved no compromise of free trade and no increase in the cost of food was far from convincing. He was perhaps accurate enough in his statement that the repeal of the taxes under Lowe was not followed by any reduction in the price of food; but this repeal took place just before the universal rise in prices which reached its climax in 1873. The remission of the taxes lessened by just that much the cost of food in England, and the reimposition of the taxes increases it by that much. The increase in the price of grain and flour took place instantly last week, and English landlords are already better off by reason of the new public burdens. The Chancellor's argument that the price of bread would not be affected because of the keenness of present competition among bakers was not only feeble but false. It is precisely because the competition among bakers is already keen that the increase in the price of flour necessitates an increase in the price of bread. The bakers have no margin out of which the increase can be paid.

The new tax is but little more than six per cent. upon imported wheat, and there is no preference accorded to the British colonies. For the present, therefore, the tariff is light, and its chief purpose is revenue and not protection. None the less, however, its imposition is a victory for Mr. Chamberlain and the Imperial Federationists, who would "cement" the Empire by a system of preferential duties both in England and the colonies. So long as the present enormous expenditures must be maintained, no preference can be given to the British colonies, for the admission of colonial breadstuffs free would virtually put an end to England's revenue from this new source, for her colonies could supply her needs. But when the war is a thing of the past, and the new revenue is no longer needed, a Ministry cherishing Mr. Chamberlain's policy may utilize the presence of a six per cent. tariff on grain in England as a basis of concession to the colonies, through which to build up an imperial customs union, with discriminating tariffs against the rest of the world. The difficulties in the way of establishing such a policy are indeed stupendous, but the fact that such a policy appeals to the imagination of unnumbered British subjects all over the world prevents free-traders from regarding the present restoration of the bread taxes with a light heart.

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Cruelty in the Philippines

Since the very beginning of military operations in the Philippines, charges of cruelty against United States soldiers have been repeatedly made and in some cases proved. The country has been slow to believe that men of our blood would be guilty of atrocities of a kind which are usually committed only by semi-savages, and their faith has been well founded. As a whole the United States army has conducted itself as an American army ought to conduct itself. It has strictly conformed to the laws of civilized warfare, and has regarded itself as a force engaged in suppressing discord and re-establishing the basis of government, rather than as an invading army. If the specific charges now made shall be proven to be true, the acts of cruelty will still be sporadic, and so foreign to the nature and practice of the American soldier as to gain an added horror from the very fact that they are abnormal. The humanity of the army as a whole cannot be discredited by single acts of cruelty, no matter how abhorrent these may be in their character; nor would these acts of cruelty, if multiplied tenfold, affect the question of the duty and authority of the United States Government in the Philippines. The manner in which military operations are conducted and the reason which sets them in motion are entirely distinct.

The cruelties of the American soldiers, if they are proved, will not shed light of any kind on the question of the duty of the American Government in the Archipelago, nor on its right to suppress insurrection and to establish order there; nor

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will these acts of cruelty, if they are proved, bring any discredit on the Administration of the country. The Administration is entitled to great credit for the prompt and decisive way in which it has acted, now that it has ground for action. The charges of cruelty have been floating through the press for months past, but the country as a whole has paid little attention to them: first, because it knows something about the American soldier and believes in him; and, next, because there has been a transparent attempt on the part of a good many newspapers opposed to the policy of the Government to use these charges, not so much to protect the Filipinos as to discredit the Administration. The vaguest rumors, the most untrustworthy reports, have been seized upon and flaunted in conspicuous type before the whole country, not as a matter of justice to the Filipinos, but as ammunition in a campaign against the policy of the Administration.

There has grown up in this country, so far as criticism of public officers is concerned, a reversal of one of the fundamental maxims of our law, and men of the highest position, charged with the heaviest responsibility, who alone are in possession of all the facts, have been denied the assumption which is accorded to confirmed criminals at whose doors the most offensive crimes are laid. There ought to be, under a free government, the most searching and severe criticism, but that criticism ought to be based on rational grounds and conducted in a rational manner. It would be ridiculous, if it were not so unjust, to charge a man of the position, ability, character, and responsibility of Secretary Root with suppression of facts for the purpose of misleading the country. Governor Taft, a man of first-class experience and of first-class character, went to the Philippines at great personal sacrifice because he felt that it was a duty. He has put the hardest kind of work, at great expense of health and strength, into the discharge of his duties, and he returns to be treated by men opposed to the policy of the Administration as if he were a criminal, subjected to cross-examination of a character which is usually reserved for those who are known to be concealing criminating facts. It is because of this carping, nagging, and irrational attitude that the country has been slow to take stock in the charges of cruelties committed by American soldiers.

The action of the President, through the Secretary of War, reported in another column, was prompt and is decisive. The country does not need to be told that President Roosevelt would be far more alert and determined to ferret out and punish with the utmost severity any acts unbecoming an American soldier than his newspaper critics, if it shall be proved that such acts have been committed. The very heaviest possible punishment ought to be inflicted—a punishment proportioned to the reputation of the army, its high standards of personal conduct, and the confidence which the country has reposed in it. Moreover, the investigation ought to cover the whole ground with the utmost thoroughness; no technicalities should stand in the way of a rigorous search for the facts. When the facts are ascertained, the country may rest assured that they will bear with their full weight on all persons implicated; for no trait in President Roosevelt's character has been more conspicuous than the directness and promptness with which he has brought home to offenders any violation of the higher ethics of their positions. The history of the American army in the Philippines must be investigated from the start, and the whole matter set at rest by the thoroughness of the methods and the conclusiveness of the findings. We believe that this will be the result of the President's admirable order.

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Ecclesiastical Bullying

The report in the New York press that the Presbytery of New York had "rejected" a candidate for the ministry for disbelief in the historical character of Adam, and dissent from traditional views of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, went somewhat beyond the truth. Underneath all the fiction in the story there was, however, no little of regrettable fact. The candidate's Christian character is excellent, and his statement of his theological beliefs aroused no disapproval. On all the cardinal points of Christian doctrine, the

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Trinity, the Deity of Christ, the inspiration of the Bible, the Atonement, the retributions of the world to come, he was explicitly orthodox. Had he applied as a graduate of Princeton, or Auburn, or McCormick, or perhaps any seminary but Union, he would have met with no difficulty. But certain presbyters have a fixed idea that no good can come out of the ecclesiastical Nazareth on Park Avenue, and every comer thence must be prepared for the clouds that return after the rain, that great rain which soaked Professors Briggs and McGiffert.

The candidate had stated his belief that the Bible is the sole and infallible rule of faith and practice. Containing a human element as well as a divine, he regarded it as not altogether free from the imperfections and errors inseparable from humanity, yet so far only as not to impair its character as the infallible Christian rule. This denial of the absolute inerrancy of the Bible as we have it, which Princeton also subscribes to while mourning the loss of the absolutely inerrant original autographs, furnished the desired starting-point for the hostile operation known in England as "heckling," which requires coolness and self-possession in the subject of it to endure with success. Lacking these, the candidate was involved in quite a tangle, the unraveling of which was referred to a meeting between him and a committee—no other action in the case being taken by the Presbytery. So far as we have been able to reach the facts, he dissented from traditional opinions on points of Old Testament criticism in holding that "Adam" signifies man in general rather than an individual, and that the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, though typical of Christ, refers primarily to the pious Israelites exiled in Babylon.

We do not raise the question, though it has been and will be raised, whether this treatment by a company of Christian ministers and elders of a candidate for the ministry who fully meets the prescribed conditions of acceptance is creditable to the Presbytery. We refer to it as illustrating the wrong of which Professor Briggs so justly complained—the encroachment on the liberty of opinion that the Presbyterian standards allow, which a party in that Church is disposed to perpetrate by insisting on extra-confessional tests of fellowship. We do not believe that in the present case this will be allowed to go further. It is more probable that the committee, in their conference with the candidate, will unravel the tangle caused by the "heckling," so that the Presbytery will overrule the presbyters of the fixed idea, and accept him without further controversy, if he perseveres in his application. But, considering the annoyance, disappointment, and mortification to which this young man has been gratuitously subjected, his treatment by elder brethren in the Church is quite too similar to that treatment of small boys by big boys which is generally condemned as bullying.

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Mr. Stockton

Mr. Frank R. Stockton was never a man of vigorous physique, nor of great physical endurance; but he had such vivacity of nature and gayety of mood that it is almost impossible to associate the idea of death with him. He was a man of such serenity, such resource of humor, such kindliness of nature, that the sudden announcement that he has vanished from the places which have known him and the friends who have loved him brings with it in an unusual degree a sense of personal loss. He had a genius for friendliness which attracted all men; and once drawn to him, his friends were held by his sincerity, his integrity, his modesty, and his capital good fellowship. He assumed so little that his friends were glad to grant him much. He bore himself so modestly that they rejoiced in every opportunity of honoring him with any recognition of his gift of humor and his charm of nature.

Born in Philadelphia and graduating at the high school in that city, Mr. Stockton began life as an engraver, soon exchanged that occupation for the more exacting occupation of a newspaper man, removed to Boston, and first found his own field when he began to write stories for boys in the "Riverside Magazine." During the next few years he was absorbed in newspaper work in Boston and Philadelphia, forming at one time editorial connection with "Hearth and Home." A position on the editorial staff of "Scribner's Magazine" brought him to New York and led the way to his connection with

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"St. Nicholas." In 1879 his first distinctive work appeared, and its individual quality of humor was at once recognized by the public. "Rudder Grange" is likely to remain one of the notable products of a humor which is distinctively American. Although entirely different in quality and character, it is to be placed beside the "Uncle Remus" stories and Mark Twain's earlier books as the product of American soil—something which could not have been grown elsewhere.

The cordial recognition of Mr. Stockton's talent in "Rudder Grange" confirmed his growing desire to give up editorial work and devote himself entirely to the writing of fiction. In 1884 his most popular short story, and one of his most characteristic bits of writing, "The Lady or the Tiger?" appeared, and was the beginning of a series of stories of unique construction and incident. Among them are "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," "A Tale of Negative Gravity," and "The Late Mrs. Null." He wrote two or three novels of some length and seriousness, but he was most successful when he gave free play to his whimsical humor. It is for this quality that he will be remembered. He belongs, by virtue of the individuality and originality of his gift, with men like Hoffmann and Fritz Reuter. It was characteristic of his humor that, being American, it should be always cheerful. His most improbable tales had a charming air of cheerful reality; the most absurd and impossible situations were described with the greatest gravity, the most incredible adventures recited with perfect sobriety, and the reality of the tale assumed as a matter of course. There was in all this a subtle flattery which assailed the reader and won him in spite of himself. Mr. Stockton seemed to assume that those who read his stories would easily cooperate with him in building up an imaginary world and investing it with the charm of reality.

He who adds to the pleasantness of life, to the good cheer of human fellowship, to the sum-total of human gayety, is a benefactor. Mr. Stockton belonged in the small group of those who make life more agreeable, not only by the play of their own humor, but by persuading other people to use this great resource.

The Spectator

If the Spectator might suggest a wall text for our public schools, what better could he give than the words the Emperor Frederick III. of Germany shortly before his death wrote upon his tablet (his dreadful disease of the throat prevented his speaking) for his son, the present Emperor—"Learn to suffer without complaining"? The Spectator would have a picture of Frederick the Noble hung above the wall text, and the children should know the story of his life and his heroic endurance in the face of death.

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"Learn to suffer without complaining." For the exceptionally cheerful, long-suffering people we call ourselves, are we not given to much complaining about petty discomforts and annoyances? If one doubts the same, let him bear the question in mind any day of ordinary experience, and it will not be at the dentist's, nor in an overcrowded excursion car, nor even near the furnaces of the great foundries, that he will hear the loudest outcry against physical discomfort. It is not in such places that the Spectator would hang up his wall text, particularly in hot weather, but rather on the cool verandas of country houses and along the breezy golf-links with the country club in the background. Who made the loudest complaint, as a rule, the Spectator would ask, during last year's tropical heat of summer, the woman over her washtubs, with a baby pulling at her skirts, or she with her palm-leaf in a cool, shady parlor?—the laborer digging a ditch under the broiling sun, or the club-house lounger with a yacht at command?

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The Emperor Frederick had only actual suffering in mind, of course—not that great multitude of complainers whose whimpering is largely from fear of pain, or in recalling what is a thing of the past save to those who must hear it described in detail. A very small hornet, wrote one of our humorists, is more than enough to break up a big camp-meeting; so a cut finger, an aching tooth, or a tight shoe, if the afflicted be a Louis the Magnificent (whose petty aches and pains disturbed his whole kingdom), may receive far more sympathy and attention than a heroic

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silent sufferer who, like General Grant in his last illness, is best consoled when those around him are spared, as far as may be, the knowing of what he endures. No man is a hero to his valet, it is said and generally believed; and this shows what the average man is thought to be—but who doubts that, no matter what a man's faults as known to his valet, if he can suffer without complaining he becomes a hero in that valet's eyes?—and blessed is he if he have a valet that knows that it is the nibble of the little foxes that produces far more suffering in the patient than the roaring of great lions, the fierce barking of wolves. "I wish we might introduce in our public schools," said the head nurse of a great hospital to the Spectator not long since, "special training in self-control, and that the great lack of it, not only in children, might somehow be impressed upon educators." Her wall text would be, "Suffer and be strong." The great test of character with her was that of suffering—and sometimes the Spectator has been inclined to accuse her of wishing that there was more of it in the world, else when would the millennium come in? She had pronounced views on what she called the parental cult of complaining in children, holding that too many parents, in their restless anxiety lest their children should be ill, create in their children an exaggerated conception of ordinary illness.

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Was it not the genial Autocrat who said that, alas! there were too many people in the world who used their troubles for clubs wherewith to knock down the good spirits of others? And may not our friends and relatives—almost everybody one knows, in fact—be classified under two heads, those who suffer or suffered without complaining, and those who don't or did not?—the classification running through the great names of history and literature. Poor Missis Gummidge sits in many a chimney-corner, crying because the fire smokes and she feels it worse than anybody else, and her croaking is never compensated for by any amount of loving and sacrificing service.

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The Spectator once knew a family of which the children—a large brood—were such experts at complaining that the father was moved to place a box in the dining-room in which a penny was to be dropped by the maker of any complaint whatever, the fund to be given at Christmas to the Hospital for Incurables. A good sum was realized, and, best of all, the happiness of that family was increased tenfold.

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"But suffering without complaining is not always praiseworthy by any means," says Croaker over the Spectator's shoulder. "There comes a time like that in the colonies when the tea must go overboard." "Certainly," says the Spectator. "Let us give thanks that our forefathers would no longer drink it with disgruntled complainings—continually whining at the heavy tax upon it, and doing nothing but whine. Thank you for the point, Croaker; no doubt the teachers who discourse to the children on the wall text proposed will bear it in mind, and will supplement your illustration with many more, showing when patience under suffering ceases to be a virtue, and making clear the distinction between justifiable revolt and mere complaining."

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"Now, about the most disagreeable folks I have ever known," says Croaker, "have been those who never whimpered no matter what ailed them, but who made sure, nevertheless, to have it seen that they were suppressing anything like a complaint. When that sort of thing is made one's religion, and pain is declared non-existent when you know it to be a verity, it tempts one to put a premium on whining, and insistence upon attention to every ache." He had learned, he said, that all who suffer without complaining are not the Lord's anointed, by any means. He had known many a degraded specimen of humanity to silently endure prolonged suffering, and to meet deserved punishment for crime without a murmur. Were not criminal records filled with such cases? To "die game," particularly if fully reported in the newspapers, was something to be attained at any cost, and why disguise the true cause of uncomplaining silence under another name—that of heroic submission?

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The Meaning of Music

By Daniel Gregory Mason

EVERY one to whom music makes any genuine appeal must have noticed frequently and with wonder its extraordinary power to tranquilize the heart, to instill a peace quite magical and beyond explanation. It soothes while it excites; and more wonderful than its ability to stimulate our emotions is its power to reconcile and harmonize them. And this it does without the aid of any intellectual process; it offers us no argument, it formulates no solacing philosophy; rather it abolishes thought, to set up in its stead a novel activity that is felt as immediately, inexplicably grateful. To suggest how the combination of sounds can have upon us so profound an effect will be the object of the present paper.

Mortal life, as we become acquainted with it in experience, unmediated by any philosophic or artistic mental activity, is complex, confused, and irrational. From our babyhood, when we put our fingers in the pretty fire and draw them forth cruelly burned, until the moment when a draught of air or the bursting of a blood-vessel suddenly arrests our important enterprises in mid-course, we constantly find our faculties, both animal and divine, encountering a world not kindly adjusted. On the material plane we find drought, frost, and famine, storm, accident, disease. On the plane of feeling and sentiment there are the separations of friends, the death of dear ones, loneliness, doubt, and disappointment; in the world of the spirit are sin and sorrow, the weakness and folly of ourselves and of others, meaningless mischance, and the caprice of destiny. In such a world, good fortune must often seem as insulting as bad, and happiness no better than misery. Where all is accidental, how can aught be significant? When our highest interests are defenseless against the onslaught, not of grave evil but of mere absurdity, how is it possible to live with dignity or hope?

Nevertheless, men have, by various means, fought sturdily against the capriciousness of life and the despair it engenders. All practical morality, to begin with, is one form of defense—comparatively a low form, but still of use. The moral man, facing the universe undaunted, asserts his own power to develop in it at least his personal particle of righteousness. As much strength as he has shall be spent on the side of order. If the world be unjust, he at least will love justice. If every one else be ruled by chance, he at least will be ruled by reason. If wicked men pursue evil, he will pursue good. From the earliest to the latest times literature has recorded such resolve. The letters of Stevenson no less than the journal of Marcus Aurelius relate the purpose of the brave individual to graft, to impress—yes, to inflict—human meaning upon an untamed universe. The stoic faith has always built on the practical power of the single man; a phrase of Thoreau's might serve for its motto: "In the midst of this labyrinth let us live a *thread* of life."

The intellect is more ambitious than the moral sense. Not content with the degree of unity that a man can develop in the seething world by his single action, philosophy seeks to prove that the world itself, as a whole, deriving its nature as it must from mind, is orderly. Constructive idealism, beginning with the argument that a subject cannot truly know an object unless both are included in a higher mental organism, deduces from the common facts of consciousness the real existence of an all-inclusive Spirit. Furthermore, one of its ablest modern exponents, Professor Josiah Royce, has worked out the ethical implications of the doctrine in a way that concerns us here. He shows that the apparent irrationality of our world proceeds from the fragmentariness of our finite view, and that God, who sees his universe as a whole, must find it rational; so that "our chaos is his order, our farce his tragedy, our horror his spirituality." Were our span of consciousness widened until we could perceive the whole of existence in one thought, we should find the deep organic beauty that now we yearn for in vain. Philosophy, then, assures us both of the fundamental perfection of the world as a whole and of

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the inaccessibility of this perfection to us. Deeply satisfying because so sure and so ultimate, it tells us nothing of details, it has no direct word for the sorrows and the perplexities of our daily lives. It leaves us often longing for a warmer, nearer assurance of the rightness of things.

And so, to many, human love first reveals the divine unity all are seeking. The lover reasons little about consciousness; he knows, directly and overpoweringly, that his one need is to serve the beloved. This commanding aim employs all his impulses and appetites, and he finds in pure disinterested service a peace that his own warring desires cannot invade or perturb. He comprehends for the first time his own true identity, he becomes integral and serene. Furthermore, as his love grows deeper, as it spends its inexhaustible wealth more widely, learning to take for object not only the human beloved, but all virtue and beauty, his spiritual life becomes daily larger and surer, it unifies an ever complexer body of thought and deed in its perfect organism. It acquires an alchemy with which it can dissolve even the stubborn externalities of fate; for fate itself cannot take away the power to serve, and in service love finds its joy. Renunciation, even, it never enters upon except to gain a higher good, and that essence in the soul which makes a sacrifice is one with that which in happier circumstances would enjoy. Love thus shares already the nature of religion, and confers the same benefits. In exacting entire self-surrender it bequeaths superiority to accident, an unassailable serenity. Indeed, religion is but love expanded and made universal.

Religion, then, man's final means of reading rationality in the countenance of an irrational world, is the culmination toward which the other three naturally tend. It is the natural goal of love, because he who loves the divine in one person must soon love it in all. It is the goal of science and philosophy, because these place the heart open-eyed upon the threshold of the radiant reality, where it cannot but worship. It is the natural outcome of morality, too; for the moral man, seeing others eager for goodness, learns that the divine virtue is everywhere. And religion retains in itself the character of all these tributary insights. Like morality, it prompts devotion of personal strength to the good cause; like philosophy, it affords clarity and breadth of vision; it is animated by the same pure, deep passion that is at the soul of love. It offers man a code of conduct, a cosmology, and an object of devotion. Surely, one would think he could ask for nothing more.

But, alas! we are not perfect creatures, capable of living always on these heights. Hours of weariness and confusion overtake us, our glimpses of the shining cosmos fade away, and we are left groping in a formless world. The universe does not change, but our faculties become jaded, we cannot keep them at the necessary pitch. The moralist knows moods of discouragement, when his power is at ebb, and the forces of evil press him sorely, entering his own heart even in the forms of temptation, sloth, and despair. The scientist encounters facts which his schemes cannot embrace, and for the moment interprets his own limitation as a disorder in nature. The philosopher often finds the universe more than a match for his synthetic powers of thought. Love has its tragedies, and faith its hours of eclipse. Even Christ must cry out, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The world, in a word, is too big for us. Facing its vast whirl and glitter with our modest kit of senses, intellect, and spirit, we are blinded, deafened, dizzied, completely bewildered. And then, recalling with wistful regret our partial insights, we fancy them gone forever and ourselves wholly lost.

It is just at these moments, when the mind momentarily fails in its unequal struggle with reality, that we discover the deep meaning and the supreme service of Art. For Art is the tender human servant that man has made himself for his solace. He has adjusted it to his faculties and restrained it within his scope; fashioning it from the infinite substance, he has impressed upon it finite form. It is a voice less thunderous than nature's, a lamp that does not dazzle like the great sun. It simplifies the wealth that is too luxuriant, and makes tangible a fragment of the great ethereal beauty no mortal can grasp. Thus art is visible and audible rightness; it is the love of God made manifest to the senses, a particular symbol of a universal

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harmony. When we are too weary to be comforted by the remote, abstract good that religion promises, art comes with its immediate, substantial, caressing beauty. Seeking to prove nothing, making no appeal to our logical intellects, requiring of us no activity, saying nothing of aught beyond itself, it is supremely restful. Finding us defeated in our search for rationality, it says, "Search no longer, puzzle no more; merely listen and look; see, here it is!" Its beauty answers our problems never directly, but by gently making them irrelevant.

Art, then, differs from morality, philosophy, love, and religion, in that it presents directly to sense the variety in unity which they manifest only to the mind and spirit. Like them, it deals with life, but the unity it attains by selection and exclusion is unlike their unity in being tangible. Made by man, it has this one supreme advantage, that it is adapted from the outset to his needs. What it cannot unify it can exclude. Though nature care nothing for the peculiarities of the eye, a landscape-painter can omit a tree that upsets the balance of his composition. Actual men and women present all sorts of incongruities of figure, but the sculptor can suppress the stooping shoulders, the knobby hips, and the bandy legs. Language bristles with trivial and vulgar words, but no poet except Walt Whitman thinks it necessary to write about hatters, who cannot, according to Stevenson, "be tolerated in emotional verse." Out of the infinite number of sounds that besiege our natural ears, musicians have selected about ninety definite tones, preordained to congruity, with which to weave their marvelous fabric. That is ever the method of art; it excludes the irrelevant or the discordant, in order to secure a salient and pure integrity. By sacrificing something of the richness of experience, it gains a rationality unknown in experience. Browning's Pippa is a gentle, noble soul, bringing goodness everywhere; in real life she would be a poor mill-girl insulted by a thousand sordid and accidental details. Shelley portrays Beatrice Cenci in the transfiguring light of poetic truth; actual experience would show her tortured by a sinister and ignoble fate. No Greek youth could have matched the perfect plastic beauty of the Disk-thrower, and no Italian woman ever symbolized cruel, sphinx-like loveliness as does the Mona Lisa. Corot's nature is grayer and softer and more harmonious than ever existed on earth. And such songs as Schumann's "Ich Grolle Nicht" and Tschaikowsky's "Nur Wer die Sehnsucht Kennt" pulsate with a passion as intense but far less torn and fragmentary than that by which they were inspired. This serene perfection, which wraps like a mantle all works of genuine art, results from harmonious organization, and is attained only by excluding the irrelevancies always present in nature. Whistler is wise as well as witty when he exclaims that "to ask the painter to copy nature as he sees it is to invite the pianist to sit on the keyboard." Were there, to be sure, a perfect adjustment between nature and our faculties, were we able to discern the unity that must exist even in the infinitely complex Whole of the world, then such a dictum would be outgrown, and selection would cease to be the procedure of art. But until we have grown to possess universal synthetic power art will have its solacing mission and its selective method as now.

Meanwhile it will have also, of course, its inevitable limitations. If it be more orderly than nature, it will be far less rich and various; effects that nature presents in a bewildering drench of experience, a work of art will have to isolate and develop alone. A pictured landscape, however perfect, is but one phase of the reality; in nature there is ceaseless play and change, mood succeeds mood, and the charm is more than half in the wayward flux and transformation. A portrait shows but one character; a human face is a whole gallery of personalities. The wealth of experience excites even while it bewilders us, and when we turn to the work of art we unconsciously adopt a narrower standard. Primitive art especially impresses us as bare and denuded, because the primitive artist has neither technical skill nor synthetic power of thought to combine more than a few elements. Thus early painting and sculpture, in dealing with the human figure, carry delineation little further than to show man with head and body, two legs and two arms. Refinements of contour and proportion are left to be observed by later

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artists. Similarly, the folk ballads in which poetry takes its origin confine themselves to elementary incidents and emotions. In general, rudimentary art is always so far behind nature as to seem to have hardly any connection with it at all.

As time goes on, however, art passes through an evolution, becoming gradually more potent in its treatment of reality. Its progress takes the form of a curious zig-zag, the resultant of two alternating tendencies: what happens is something like this. For a while it develops its power of synthesis (a power dependent both upon technical skill in handling material and on organizing force of thought) until it is able to present a few simple factors of effect in clear, salient unity. This is what is called a period of classicism. Then, dissatisfied with its attainment, desiring a richer reflection of the great whirl of experience, it reaches out after novel effects; its vision is for a while more extended than clear, and, presenting many effects which it cannot yet unify, it becomes brilliant, suggestive, fragmentary, turgid, inchoate. There has been a sacrifice of the old simple clarity for a richer chaos, or, in the trite terminology, a romantic movement. Now, however, technical skill and synthetic power of thought again advance, and a new and complexer order supervenes on the temporary confusion. Unity of effect is regained, art is classic once more (but with increased wealth of meaning), and the time is ripe for another burst of romanticism. By this alternation of impulses art grows, and when either tendency is defective we have a diseased art. If there be no romantic movement, if art remains contented with its acquired scope, there is stagnation, pedantry, academicism; if there be no classical period of assimilation, we have vagueness and turgidity, qualities even more fatal, since, as we have seen, the justification of art is its power to clarify. The general formula for wholesome artistic advance might, then, run thus: "Increase in the variety of the selected elements, without loss of the ideal unity imposed upon them." And the ideal goal of art is a representation of the whole of life, stamped with complete unity.

Turning now at last to our specific subject, the art of music, we must point out that, although it has in a general way undergone a development like that of the other arts, made up of alternating classic and romantic movements, it has had from the first certain advantages over them in the struggle for richness and clarity, advantages proceeding from its fundamental nature. For tones are unique in our mental experience as being at once more directly expressive of the emotional essence of life than any other art-material, and more susceptible of orderly structure.

That music is beyond all the other arts directly expressive of man's deeper passional life scarcely needs theoretic proof; the fact is in the experience of every one who has listened to a military band, to a homely song lovingly rendered, or to a ragged Hungarian with a violin. These things take a physical grip upon our emotions, they stir our diaphragms, galvanize our spines, and compel us to shiver, laugh, or weep. Combined with such physical affections, moreover, are ideas of indescribable vividness and poignancy. Joy and grief, hope and despair, serenity, aspiration, and horror, fill our hearts as we listen to music. They come in their pure essence—not as qualities of something else. And this is what is meant by the familiar statement that the other arts are representative while music is presentative. Poetry, painting, and sculpture show us things outside ourselves, joyful or grievous things perhaps, hopeful or desperate or beautiful or ugly things, but still *things*. But music shows us nothing but the qualities, the disembodied feelings, the passional essences. Let the reader recall for a moment the effects of painting or of poetry, the way in which they present emotion. Is it not always by symbolism, by indirection? Does not the feeling merely exhale from the object instead of constituting the object as it does in music? In looking at a pastoral landscape, for instance, do we not first think of the peaceful scene represented, and only secondarily feel serenity itself? In reading "La Belle Dame sans Merci" is it not only by a process of associative thought that we come to shudder with a sense of unearthly and destructive passion? Yes, in the representative arts emotion is merely adjective; in music alone is it substantive. We see in a portrait a lovely woman; we behold in

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marble a noble youth; we read in poetry a desperate story; in music, on the contrary, we hear love, nobility, despair. It matters little that we are unable to explain how this can be; we know that it is. Science may some day discover the nature of the deep bond that connects the physiological apparatus of emotion with that of sound sensation; for the present we must be content with the unequivocal evidence of our senses that music is the one adequate language of our passional life.

And since this passional life is the deepest reality we know, since our inner emotions constitute in fact the very essence of that world-spirit which is but projected and symbolized in sky, sun, ocean, stars, and earth, music cannot but be a richer record of our ultimate life than those arts which deal with objects and symbols alone. It is the penetration, the ultimacy, of music that gives it such extraordinary power. The other arts excel it in definiteness, in concreteness, in the ability to delineate a scene or tell a story; but music surpasses them all in power to present the naked and basic facts of existence, the essential, informing passions.

A secondary and subordinate advantage of music proceeds from the nature of its material. Tones, produced and controlled by man, are far more easily stamped with the unity he desires than the objects of external nature. These are stubborn outer facts, created without regard to the æsthetic sense, and in a thousand ways unamenable to it. The great dazzle of sunlight is too keen for human eyes, which perceive better on dim, gray days; many of nature's contours are larger than we can grasp. Every painter will tell you that there are inharmonious colors in the sunset, and one daring critic has gone so far as to impugn the "vulgarity of outline" of the American hills. It matters not whether the maladjustment indicate a fault in nature or a limitation in man; the point to note is that the representative arts deal with a material less pliable than tones. Words, the material of poetry, occupy in this respect a curious intermediate position. Like tones, they are man-made, but, like outer objects, they are "given," fixed, and indocile to man's æsthetic needs. (We remember the example of the "hatter.") Though made by man, in fact, they are made not by his æsthetic but by his practical energy. They were devised, not for beautiful adjustment, but to convey thoughts, and when the poet comes and uses them to make an art he finds them almost as perverse as the painter's trees and hills. Tones, however, have no practical utility whatever; not only do they not exist outside of music, but they would be of no use if they did. Hence they may be chosen and grouped by the free æsthetic sense alone, acting without let or hindrance, except what is imposed by the thing to be expressed. For hundreds of years man has been testing and comparing, accepting and rejecting, the elements of the tonal series, with the result that we have to-day the ladder or scale of ninety-odd definitely fixed tones, out of which all music is composed. And though the series has been developed wholly by instinct, and it is only within the last half-century that the natural laws underlying it have been discovered, yet it has been built up so slowly and tentatively, and with so sure and delicate a sense of its internal structure, that it is an unsurpassable basis for complex and yet perfectly harmonious tone-combinations. In a word, the material of music is by origin self-congruous, fitted to clear structure, preordained to an order at once rich and transparent.

Preordained to beauty, then, is the musician's material; and yet the musician is not exempted from the difficulties of his brother artists. If they work in a less plastic material, he has to govern subtler and more wayward forces. He can attain a wonderful perfection, but only through unremitting labor. His task is to embody the turbulent, irrational human feelings in serene and beautiful forms. He is to master the dominating, to reconcile the warring, to impose unity on the diverse and the repellent. Mozart and Haydn might handle their art with ready ease, because their emotions were naïve; but Beethoven, who essayed to look into the stormy and tortured heart of man, found himself involved in a travail Titanic and interminable. Nevertheless he did succeed in harnessing the vast forces with which he deals, and his success is as conclusive a vindication as we could desire

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of music's power to deal with its portentous verities. When we think of Beethoven's immortal works, immortal both by their strength and by their beauty, can we doubt that music expresses our deepest passional nature with unrivaled fullness, and yet so reconciles it with itself as to symbolize our highest spiritual peace?

From the swelter and jungle of experience in which it is our lot to pass our mortal days, days which philosophy cannot make wholly rational, nor love wholly capable of service, nor religion wholly serene, we are thus privileged to emerge, from time to time, into fairer realms. Tantalized with an unattainable vision of order, homesick for a rightness never quite realized, we turn to art, and especially to music, for assurance that our hope is not wholly chimerical. Then

> "Music pours on mortals
> Its beautiful disdain."

Disdainful it is, truly, because it reminds us of the discord and the rhythmless onmarch of our days. It voices the passions that have torn and mutilated and stung and blinded us; we meditate the foolishness, the fatality, the aimlessness, of our chaotic lives. But beautiful it is also; and it has been wisely said that beauty offers us "a pledge of the possible conformity of the soul with nature." Music, at once disdainful and beautiful, shows us our deepest feelings, so wayward and tragic in experience, merged into ineffable perfection.

The Prairie Woman: Yesterday and To-Day

By Charles Moreau Harger

MUCH unneeded sympathy is expended by persons of tender feelings upon the woman of the prairies. By many in the older and more developed sections of the country she is considered as something of a martyr, undergoing severe trials and subject to deprivations making her an object of solicitude, if not of charity.

The old tales and traditions are yet in mind, and the changes that have taken place in the lot of the woman whose home is on the plains are forgotten. Not fully is she aware herself of the attitude in which she is placed by these conceptions of her surroundings, and it is brought to her vividly only when she receives a visit from some friend in the East and hears expressions of wonder that there is not visible more evidence of the Indian and the frontier. In a dozen years' residence she may have never seen a Redskin, and her knowledge of the frontier is almost as hazy as that of her Eastern sister. The woman of the plains smiles at the queries of the East, and marvels that so little should be comprehended of the actual conditions that surround her daily life upon the wide-stretching level lands.

The pioneer woman came toward the sunset in a prairie schooner—the white-canvas-topped wagon that lumbered its dreary way over seemingly unending miles of sod. She camped beside the infrequent streams and wistfully peered from the swaying covers of her moving tabernacle at the meadow-lark, the coyote, and the jack-rabbit, sole owners, apparently, of the never-ending sod-carpeted land. She was usually approaching middle life, for such trials as are incident to the conquering of the new lands are too severe for the young. Yet here and there was a bride, who, with the sturdy young husband, had undertaken the making of a new home in the West, and faced the strange conditions with as much courage as did he. Sometimes there were children in the tardy vehicles, and their chatter relieved the weariness of the long journey.

Arrived at the longed-for goal, out on the grass-covered claim, the first thought was for a dwelling. It was scores of miles to timber, and even were it not many miles to a lumber-yard there could have been small purchase of the high-priced boards from the little store that their purses contained. So came a recourse to the bounty of nature. The green sod was cut into long strips and then crosswise, making large bricks of sod that under the skillful hand of the father soon took on the shape of walls.

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When they had been reared to the height of a room, roof-poles were laid, material being secured from some convenient creek-side. On top of this came layers of grass or hay, or perhaps a covering of sod. The doors and windows were the only artificial parts of the dwelling. The floor might be of sod, or, if particular excellence was desired, it became one of boards, and then the family considered itself quite affluent. From this sod house the advance to one all of frame was slow, but it was not hard to bear, for the humble home was both warm in winter and cool in summer, while sod school-houses and churches made the necessity for its existence less noticeable. The sod house is passing away now; such as are left on the Far Western plains are considered as curiosities, reminders of early-day struggle. Pianos have been placed in the sod houses; organs were common. Families spent happy hours there, and forgot that they were undergoing what their Eastern friends would have called hardships.

In other things were real hardships. The women of the plains in the early days underwent trials of which their sisters of to-day know nothing. To stay day after day in the little home on the claim, miles from neighbors, and toil with the meager belongings toward some sort of satisfaction in housekeeping, is not a light task. The lack of companionship, the weariness of an unshaded vista, the sometimes almost overwhelming discouragements that attended the failure of crops, were enough to wear out the stoutest hearts—and some hearts were worn beyond mending! There were some instances when real dangers came, too. Alone in her cabin with a sudden blizzard sweeping across the plains, many a woman has passed hours of nerve-racking anxiety, not sure if her loved ones would reach a place of safety. There have been storms that swept from the face of the claim every building, every start toward improvement—and the dwellers were fortunate if they saved their lives. Then, with renewed courage, they started over again in the upbuilding of a home.

"One June day," said a woman who had been through it all, "we looked upon two hundred acres of wheat ready for the harvest. It represented all we had in the world, for the farm had been mortgaged to enable us to plant it and wait for the ripening. Out of the northwest came a greenish-black cloud. In two hours there was not a stalk of the waving grain left standing—the hail had cut it to the ground. Yes, it was hard; we lost the farm; but we started farther west, and that time we won."

Another era came to the West. The settlers learned what crops they could raise with some certainty of success. They trusted less to fortune and more to careful judgment. The wives and daughters became familiar with the conditions, knew better how they might meet them, and evolved out of their surroundings a contentment that added zest to the new situation. The old home "back East," which had been so long the Mecca of their hopes, and toward which they looked with longing eyes, became a memory.

It was in this period that the talk of selling out ceased, and the parents bought belongings for the home with a purpose of making their stay in the West permanent. The women of the household, of course, reaped the better portion of the change, for it was to them that there came the especially enjoyable portions of the home-making.

To reinforce the woman who had gone through the days of trial, and had conquered the dangers of the new lands, came, in these latter days, a new company of wives and daughters. They did not come in prairie schooners as did those of the old days; they rode in Pullman cars, or at least in comfort which was paradisaical compared with the trips made by the first dwellers in the West. Those settlers who come to-day are possessed of some money. They have sold their farms in the Eastern or Middle States, and are coming to the prairies in order to get more land for the same money. To be sure, some want cheap homes. For instance, about one thousand women sought and secured claims in the newly opened Oklahoma lands last summer. They were from all parts of the East, and entered upon the trials of pioneering with all the enthusiasm that was shown by their predecessors of the sixties and seventies. Over 160,000 people in all applied for those new farms.

But the best class of the newer man-

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agers of prairie homes is made up of the native-born daughters of the pioneers—the girls who have spent all their lives in the West and are married to Western boys. They know the West from daylight to starlight. Hot winds do not worry them and blizzards do not affright. They think nothing of a ten-mile horseback ride, and laugh at the suggestion of lack of society. They make their own society, and they know the seasons so well that they forget the existence of any other fairer land in any of them. Some day they take a trip to the seashore or to the mountains and change their views—for some things cannot be bought with money on the plains—but in the meanwhile they are happy and are building up a better condition and a fairer life among the new communities.

The modern woman in the West has education. At a tea-party of two dozen women in a farm-house in central Kansas a few months ago experiences were interchanged, and it was found that eight of the party had at some time in their lives been to Europe. All of the eight had college diplomas laid away among their treasures. Several of the others also had been to college, and two had post-graduate degrees earned by hard work in the class-room. The schools of the West are the pride of the people, and well they may be. A record of over eleven hundred students of a Western university taken this year shows that the parents of forty-two per cent. of them are farmers and that forty-seven per cent. of the students are self-supporting, working their own way through the school.

Even out on the claims and ranches, where one naturally expects to find only the coyote and the prairie-dog, there is found here and there a sod house from which comes the sound of music. The organ or piano is there, and the house-wife greets you with the grace of a dweller on the avenue. She may not be dressed as richly, but she keeps in touch with the fashions, as frequent visits to the East or to the city give her a clear idea of the doings of women of the time in other places. The majority of the women do not, however, live on the ranches or even in the Far Western sections. The population in those sections is very thin—sometimes not more than fifty families to a whole county—while farther east, where the rainfall is more abundant, population becomes more congested and the companionship of the people is closer.

The prairie farm home of to-day has passed beyond the measure of the old times. It is seldom unpainted, and usually has a porch. Some of the residences on farms ten miles from town in the corn and wheat belt of the plains would do honor to a pretentious city street. They have big plate-glass windows, furnaces, a system of lighting that does away with lamps, and they present a picture of culture that it does one's heart good to contemplate. In some instances there are found on the farms handsome cottages moved out from a town that built too many houses in the boom and was glad to sell the surplus to the farmers. It looks odd to come on one of these away from the city street, but the farmer's wife appreciates the up-to-date conveniences that are made a part of the belongings.

The wives and daughters of the farmer in the West are not entirely cut off from pleasure. They are too progressive to allow any lack of city surroundings to rob them of their delights in life. The little towns are so close together that the farms between are almost a part of them. Many of the farmers' wives belong to the organizations in the towns, and drive frequently to the town in order to enjoy the same. It is not uncommon to have a lodge meeting in the town attended by a dozen wives of farmers who come with their husbands and sons. Then, in the small settlements, there is a lodge or church, or both, where gather all the farmers' families of the community. They organize auxiliary societies for the women, and these go far to smooth the ways.

The young folks come to the parties, as do the older ones to the church services, in buggies and carriages. The day of the lumber-wagon, except as a serviceable part of the farm's equipment, has passed away. The number of rubber-tired rigs is larger on the farms than in the country towns, because it is the farmer's boy who has the more money to spend.

In summer the picnic of Sunday-school, lodge, or political party attracts the people, and the farmer's wife is an important factor in its arrangement. She it is who cooks the bountiful meals served, and her

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daughters help in passing the same to the hungry men and children. The daughters take part in the programme that follows the dinner, and though the prairie wind may blow insistently, it cannot drown their sweet, fresh voices as they trill the familiar songs of the long ago. It is a good old-fashioned time that is held, particularly if it be an old settlers' picnic, a very common thing in the West to-day, when the adventures and experiences of early days are told to the assembled crowds and the addresses take the form of personal history. The people who came in the sixties are the heroes and heroines of the occasion.

The columns of the country papers show that many families are all the time making visits to the homes of their neighbors in other parts of the county or in adjoining counties. A trip of fifteen or twenty miles is as little thought of on the plains as is one of five in the older States. The roads are smooth and the horses swift.

Then, occasionally, there is a visit back home to the old town among the Pennsylvania hills where the Western woman thinks she will find perfect happiness. But she comes back with greater delight than ever in the free life of the West, and is glad to greet it again. More than one woman has induced her husband to sell out his Western claim and move back East, only to hanker for the Western life and cause another move across the country to find another dwelling and home on the plains. It is the nature of the Western life's attractiveness that its grasp is strong upon one who has once tasted of it.

In the prairie towns conditions are different. It is found by the newcomer that there is a remarkable likeness to the conditions in the East—the same churches, Sunday-schools, and lodges, each with its quota of followers and the fullness of social life. The dwellings of the town have greatly improved in the past few years. There has been a baptism of paint, and new porches and roofs are seen everywhere. The women of the towns no longer complain that they do not have the proper companionship, for they are enjoying all the functions that mark society in the larger cities, though perhaps on a smaller scale. There are "at homes," "pink teas," and other attractions for the afternoons; dancing parties with cotillions and favors for the evenings. The lodges have "socials" almost weekly, and it is seldom that there is not some public meeting that is meant for the amusement or instruction of the girls and wives.

The furnishings of the town homes are of the most modern design. The women's magazines keep the readers in touch with the styles of the East, and the scenes presented of the interiors of Eastern homes have been an inspiration to many a woman in the West who has not had the opportunity to witness them for herself. The education of the Western woman, either as a girl or at maturity, does not differ much from that of her sister in the East—and the very progressiveness of the West gives her some advantage over the latter in the matter of seizing the new things of civilization and the adaptation of them to her every-day life.

The women's clubs of the prairie States are doing much to aid the members in the appreciation of the higher life of the day. In almost every town of one thousand and more population there is a club, literary or otherwise, and the women who belong meet at one another's homes to discuss programmes of mutual interest and helpfulness. Some of the members go to the State and district federations every year, and so are brought in touch with the women of other parts of the State. It is all of much worth to the home life. Then there are public libraries and notable charities in which the club women take part, in some instances entirely managing the former after the men of the community have failed in establishing the same. In Kansas there are eight thousand club women, and in Nebraska six thousand. The Oklahoma clubs even are attracting attention, and a Territorial federation is in progress of formation, lending strength to the movement in its best form. Thus the women of the West are brought to a realizing sense of their usefulness and made fit for higher things in life.

The time was, and not so long ago, when the Western woman had but two ways open for obtaining employment—teaching school or clerking in the stores. The business office, with its corps of clerks and stenographers, was not yet a part of the life of the West. The farmer's daughters sought the position of teacher, and the

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town girls clerked. They do this yet, but they also do other things. Wholesale houses, insurance offices, firms of every sort that have employment for bright, capable young women, are everywhere, and the places are filled by Western girls. The result is to make the woman of the West feel independent. She attends the business colleges in as large numbers as does her brother, and is a keen rival of him in the pursuits for which they are both fitted.

In the towns are found many women conducting stores with success. To them naturally comes the conduct of the book-stores. Many country papers are managed by women. It is noticeable, too, that these papers are among the most readable of the Western press.

Many stories are printed about women who work in the harvest-fields, and now and then a correspondent finds a photograph showing such workers; but this is not the rule. It is no particular hardship to ride on the easy seat of a sulky-plow as the long furrows are turned, changing the golden stubble to brown, but not many girls have to do it. So with work in the Western harvest-field. It has some departments that can be filled by strong, healthy girls and women, and sometimes it is done, but not generally. The West is able to do its men's work with the labor of men; womanliness is cherished, and the need of to-day is not that of early times, when the force of circumstances often compelled toil that was not meant for feminine hands.

Then, too, the West is making money, and the women are no longer compelled to skimp and save in order to make ends meet. They get good dresses, books, papers, magazines, and the other accompaniments of civilization, and are consequently better fitted to enjoy life. Many of them have been compelled to manage farms and ranches, and their success has been in nearly every instance marked. They are becoming a part of the life of the West, and the West is the better for it. The woman of to-day on the prairie is not deserving of pity—the chances are that she is worthy of congratulation for the healthful, happy, prosperous life she leads.

Battles of the Saints

By George Francis Greene

IF the reader is one of those unhappy persons who are suffering from chronic pessimism, I have a good tonic to offer him. Let him study the biographies of the leading evangelical preachers of England and America who belong, say, to the century 1750–1850, and note the spirit of controversy, the censoriousness, the readiness to call names, that too plainly reveal the frailty of that class of prophets. There were "fighting parsons" in those days, their weapons being sharp tongues; and one would be inclined often to condemn severely their bitterness and billingsgate over what appear to us minor issues, if it were not for their very real worth as spiritual teachers of their generations. The evangelical churches of our time seem to have entered upon an era of good feeling. The Presbyterian lion and the Methodist lamb are sleeping cozily enough—possibly with one eye open—the one alongside, not inside, the other; while the stage of "Good-morning, neighbor!" is beginning to succeed that of "Accursed thou!" in the relation of Anglican and "Dissenter." In the Presbyterian Church there seems at last to be a tacit understanding that there shall be no more great heresy trials. On every side the bitterness of sectarian and dogmatic debate has subsided. We are apparently entering the age of honey. Some of us think that we have already nearly realized all that is essential or practicable in the direction of church unity. The new outlook of the pulpit is unmistakable. Say not, therefore, that the former days were better than these. Along one important line, at least, the world "do move."

We are disposed to look upon the heroes of the great evangelical revival of the latter half of the eighteenth century as saints—St. Wesley, St. Toplady, St. Whitefield, St. Hill, and so on. But the impartial student of the period must admit that if they were saints—to para-

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phrase and soften down the phrase of Mr. Mantalini—they were somewhat "savage" saints; for they not only fought Satan, but they also applied their cudgels sharply to the backs one of another. The doctrine of Election was the principal line that divided these giants, though plainly less worthy elements than devotion to a dogma were not wholly absent from their temper.

It was concerning the author of "Rock of Ages" that John Wesley wrote in 1770: "Mr. Augustus Toplady I know well; but I do not fight with chimney-sweepers. He is too dirty a writer for me to meddle with, I should only foul my fingers." He also referred to him as a "lively coxcomb." Toplady paid his respects to Wesley in a similar strain. He wondered whether there was more of the "insidious" than of "the acid" in the make-up of his opponent; spoke of the latter as "hatching blasphemy;" said that his forehead was "impervious to a blush;" and that he had penned "a known, willful, palpable lie to the public."

Whitefield as well as Toplady, as everybody knows, taught the doctrine of Election, and Telford's "Life of John Wesley" informs us how he and the Wesleys split over that rock. On one occasion, about 1740, Whitefield "preached the absolute decrees in the most peremptory and offensive manner. Some thousands of people were present, and Charles Wesley sat beside him. The rupture was soon complete." It is hard to resist the conclusion that the greater Wesley was sometimes unfair in debate. One cannot wonder much that the "Calvinists" lost their temper over such statements, for instance, as that in Wesley's sermon on "Free Grace," wherein he claimed that "believers in election represented the Most High God as more cruel, false, and unjust than the devil;" or this—his summary of Toplady's Treatise on Predestination—"The sum of all this: one in twenty (suppose) of mankind are elected; nineteen in twenty are reprobated. The elect shall be saved, do what they will; the reprobate shall be damned, do what they can. Reader, believe this or be damned. Witness my hand, A. T."

Rowland Hill was another "Calvinist," and many were the battles over Election between Wesley and Hill. In a letter to Hill in 1772 a correspondent says: "Mr. W——y said last night, election was the most horrid monster upon earth; no name, said he, is bad enough for it, or them that hold it; they are obliged to draw a veil over it, and only let a corner of the monster be seen, for if the beast were wholly unmasked, nineteen of the people out of twenty would run away; and also said . . . that he would make Mr. R. H. ashamed of himself." Sidney, in his biography of Hill, quotes these among the epithets applied to the "Calvinists" by "these two meek and loving gentlemen, Messrs. John and Charles Wesley:" "devil's factors, Satan's synagogues, children of the old roaring hellish murderer who believe his lie, advocates for sin, witnesses for the father of lies, blasphemers, Satan-sent preachers." Hill paid Wesley back in his own sort of coin, as we may learn from the titles of several of his printed pamphlets, among which are these: "An Old Fox Tarred and Feathered" (the "old fox" was, of course, Wesley), "Pope John," and "The Finishing Stroke." Among the other pet names applied by Hill to Wesley were "the lying Apostle of the Foundery," "a designing wolf," and "a dealer in stolen wares." And, to cap the climax, the sentence of Hill's may be quoted in which Wesley is called "as unprincipled as a rook and as silly as a jackdaw, first pilfering his neighbor's plumage and then going proudly forth displaying his borrowed tail to the eyes of a laughing world."

These evangelistic preachers were really great and good men, and their names rightly receive veneration throughout the Christian world; but there was a vitriolic flavor to their spirit, a swashbuckler style to their dogmatic disputations, that, to say the least, would look grotesque enough in leading preachers of our times. Try to imagine Dr. Edward Everett Hale and the late Dr. Storrs, for instance, bandying personalities in that fashion!

Whitefield and the Tennants were the leading "New Side" elements in the Great Revival on American soil, but their work was marred by their censorious spirit, and in certain quarters they in turn met with fierce opposition and abuse. Archibald Alexander declared that the Nottingham sermon of Gilbert Tennant on "The Danger of an Unconverted Ministry"

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"one of the most severely abusive sermons which was ever penned." "Unconverted" and "hypocrites" are specimens of the epithets applied freely by these evangelists to prominent and widely honored clergymen of their time in New England and New Jersey. On the other hand, the treatment which their evangelistic methods received in a section of the American pulpit may be seen from the following extract from a letter of Dr. Timothy Cutler, a prominent Episcopal minister in Boston, written in 1743: "After him [Whitefield] came one Tennant [to Boston], a monster! impudent and noisy, and told them they were all dam'd, dam'd, dam'd; this alarmed them, and in the most dreadful winter I ever saw people wallowed in the snow night and day for the benefit of his beastly brayings, and many ended their days under these fatigues. Both of them carried away more money out of these parts than the poor could be thankful for." A modern parallel to this would be the late Phillips Brooks railing like a fishwife at the late Mr. Moody—a thing hard to conceive of.

It is hard to realize that a clergyman of world-wide reputation could ever have spoken as follows of the disciples of Wesley: "We shall use the general term of Methodism to designate these three classes of fanatics, not troubling ourselves to point out the finer shades and nicer discriminations of lunacy, but treating them all as in one general conspiracy against common sense and rational orthodox Christianity;" but so in 1808, in the "Edinburgh Review," wrote Sydney Smith. In the following year that piquant clerical characterized the same element thus—"a canting, deluded, and Methodistical populace;" and he wrote of "the debased mummery and nonsense of Methodists, which has little more to do with the Christian religion than it has to do with the religion of China." This witty divine's vocabulary was a picturesque one; like Parson Brownlow, he wrote "with a pitchfork for a pen, with *aqua fortis* for ink," as may be seen from the following specimens of choice names that he gave to the same sect—"a nest of consecrated cobblers," "vermin," "very impudent people," "didactic artisans," "trumpery sect," "cunning animals," "maniacs," and "lachrymal and suspirious clergy." It would surprise us almost as much to hear a prominent Episcopal teacher designate the Methodists in similar terms to-day as it would to see Bishop Potter literally throwing mud at Bishop Vincent in front of the Book Concern. If living preachers are not more angelic in spirit than their fathers, they certainly have better manners.

Finney was probably the greatest American evangelist of the last century, with the exception of Moody, and his work was marvelously honored of God; but there is in his autobiography an occasional note of censoriousness that does not harmonize with complete saintship. He does not, for instance, hesitate to charge against a well-known and honored preacher of his day that he had lacked the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and he plainly intimates his belief concerning other prominent clergymen that they had never been converted until they came under his influence. The sainted Lyman Beecher and he fell into a public controversy over the question of evangelistic methods, and a good deal of human nature was revealed on both sides. The great human dynamo of Litchfield in a public convention resisted Finney "to the face," emitting sparks in this fashion: "Finney, I know your plan, and you know I do; you mean to come to Connecticut, and carry a streak of fire to Boston. But if you attempt it, as the Lord liveth, I'll meet you at the State line, and call out all the artillerymen, and fight every inch of the way to Boston, and then I'll fight you there!" This has a far-away sound; but its date is no earlier than 1826.

We are leaving all this sort of thing behind us. Never have Christians better realized the dictum, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity." Movements like those of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Evangelical Alliance, the Federation of Churches, and the Society of Christian Endeavor have been bringing believers of many diverse views, tastes, and methods into the same circle of Christian brotherhood which has a sweep like the equator's, which is spanned by the rainbow of divine grace and love. As Dr. J. H. W. Stückenburg has said, "The fear of being regarded as encouraging errors which a brother holds has kept Christians apart; the fear of ignoring Christ in a brother is

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drawing them together." Nor need we apprehend the result of toleration broadening into the shallows of indifference. Truth shall never lack its champions, and it shall not fail, while all the regiments of Christ's army move steadily closer to the common Standard, aiming their guns only at the common enemy.

Nicaragua: The Country and the People

By Thomas R. Dawley, Jr.

IN going over the many arguments relating to the choice between the routes proposed for the trans-Isthmian Canal, it seems to me that there is one phase of the Nicaraguan route which has scarcely been touched upon at all, and that regards the country the canal would open up, with the advantages and the inevitable result of the concessions the Government offers, if accepted by us. Nicaragua says that if we choose her route for the canal, she will practically give us six miles of territory along the entire route of the canal. What does this mean?

To begin with, Nicaragua is a country nearly as large as the New England States, with a wealth in natural resources beyond comparison with them, but with a population scarcely equaling that of Boston. Long, long ago it was described by its early discoverers as one of the most beautiful and blissful countries in the world, a region where life is so easy and full of voluptuous pleasure that they gave it the name of Mahomet's Paradise.

Nicaragua was the name of a great aboriginal city near the present site of Rivas, which is said to have contained a million inhabitants. Enjoying all the richest gifts of nature, presenting an ever-varying panorama of mountain and valley, broad plains and rolling hills, forest and pasture land, watered by abundant rivers and lakes, and, above all, possessing a salubrious climate, the country provided conditions eminently favorable for sustaining vast populations and bringing together great communities. That it once did is stated by the Spanish chronicles, Las Casas declaring that it was one of the best-peopled countries of Central America. It is written that these people were the descendants of Aztecs who had made their way into the country from Mexico; but as almost everything in the way of a civilized Indian in Mexico is generally termed an Aztec, I am inclined to think this a statement which would stand further investigation. However, with the coming of the Spaniards the inhabitants of the once populous country were so decimated by war, slavery, torture, and pestilence that but a remnant of the teeming population remained.

In shape the country has been compared to one's left hand with the fingers slightly turned up. The palm represents the basin containing the great lakes, and a line drawn from the lower edge a little above the wrist to the line termed the life line by palmists would represent the San Juan River and the Canal route. The thumb, close up to the palm, represents the ridge between the lakes and the Pacific Ocean, and the ends of the fingers the high altitudes or mountains in the north. Along the Atlantic coast the country is covered with dense tropical forests, only sparsely inhabited along the rivers and coast by a few Mosquito Indians, a peculiar hybrid race said to be the descendants of natives with negro slaves escaped from a Dutch slave ship wrecked on the coast in 1650. They have no roads and seldom need of any, for they scarcely ever walk any distance, but they are expert canoemen, living chiefly by hunting and fishing up and down their numerous streams and rivers. The forest abounds in valuable timber such as mahogany and cedar, but only the lone rubber-hunter occasionally cuts his way through the silent bush in search of the tree from which he bleeds the valuable gum.

The Spaniards, in their unceasing search for a passage to the Pacific, found this immense tract of forest altogether too uninviting for them, and even the doughty buccaneers, when they turned from preying upon the Spanish galleons to chopping wood along the Spanish Main, found

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this part of the coast unredeemable, and the English protectorate set up by them was eventually withdrawn. But when the Spaniards came up the Pacific side from Panama and found the teeming population occupying the high lands near that coast, they at once set about their conquest, reducing them to slavery, and the once happy country was rendered a plague-stricken one, desolated, with a few careless cities and towns built upon the ruins of the old.

The north and northeast portion of Nicaragua has never been surveyed, and scarcely, if at all, explored. It is known as a vast mountainous region very rich in gold. On the eastern slope of these mountains, where numerous streams flow down into the Prinzalpulca River, small and large particles of pure gold are found mixed with the sand and gravel of the region. Farther down on the main stream, fifteen miles north of the last Indian settlement going up the river, there is an old river channel which has never been worked except in a crude way, but which contains rich gold placers.

The northern division of the country, called Segovia, contains many mines, some of which were famous in the days of the Spaniards. The hills, the mountains, and almost all the rivers in this district contain veins, placers, and pockets of gold and silver, croppings of copper, tin, antimony, and lead, samples of which have been taken out, but scarcely anything further has ever been done towards working them, owing to the insufficiency of roads. Consequently almost the entire region remains undeveloped, with the exception of Macueslizo and Dipilto, which were worked by the early Spaniards and gave rich returns in silver, but are abandoned to-day only because the introduction of machinery would be very difficult, and the mining of gold at more accessible places even in the present crude way proves more profitable.

Journeying westward from the Atlantic coast after leaving the Mosquito country, the country gradually rises, the great forest of magnificent timber disappears, rocks and gravel crop out of the rich alluvial deposit, hills and mountain ridges rise before you, and there are grass-covered prairies and rolling hills, dotted with nanza bushes, capable of sustaining thousands of people and millions of cattle.

As with the other Central American countries, you do not find the country populated to any extent till you reach the high lands nearer the Pacific coast. There the entire aspect of the country changes. It is no longer always green, as upon the Atlantic side, but it has its seasons more clearly marked and the atmosphere is less humid. During the dry season the fields become parched and dry, and the effect is practically that of a northern winter, checking and destroying the spontaneous vegetation of the wet season, thereby purifying the atmosphere and rendering it less noxious for the propagation of miasmatic germs. Owing to the elevation, no sense of oppression is felt from the heat, as in our latitudes, during the summer months, even on the hottest days. The air is so pure and refreshing and the radiation of the heat so rapid that, even when the rays of the sun are most direct, the temperature is always pleasant and refreshing in the shade.

Here, too, the types and characteristics of the people change as greatly from those of the east coast as do the character of the soil and climate. While the Mosquitos of the forest country are a dark-brown, bushy-haired people, who have made no progress whatever in civilization except to learn the white man's vice of drinking rum, the aboriginals of the western table-lands and Pacific slope are a small, yellow race possessing a civilization at the time of the Conquest closely allied to that of the fairly civilized races of more northern Guatemala. There are but a few of the pure aboriginal stock left in Nicaragua, but their offspring mixed with the Spaniard has produced at the present day an amiable, polite, industrious, and interesting people. Although they are not progressive, their simple industries are of the most painstaking character; they do what they do for the simple reason that their fathers did it before them, and consequently they generally pursue very slow and antiquated methods.

They are mostly a town-dwelling people, this having arisen undoubtedly from the necessity of their having had to band themselves together for mutual protection in times past. As they are also an agricultural people, depending almost wholly upon their crops for sustenance, this often necessitates a journey of several miles

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from their homes to the fields which they cultivate, the journey to and fro frequently taking up more of their time than the actual labor expended upon the field. The planting of corn, the great staple of these people, requires only the clearing of the land and the burning of the bush and timber as soon as sufficiently dry, and then the planting of the seed in the mellow earth with a sharpened stake, when it is left to take care of itself. The seed sprouts and grows beyond all measure of belief, even before weeds have time to show their heads, and consequently, when they do appear, the corn has such a fair start that the weeds are overshadowed by it and have no chance at all.

As to the population of this really wonderful country there are no absolutely reliable statistics. For years it has been computed at five hundred thousand, but its Minister to Washington and Delegate to the Pan-American Congress, Mr. Corea, assures me that it is more. Nevertheless, I find that, according to the census taken in 1890 by its Government, which is perhaps as reliable as a census usually is in those countries, the population of the entire Republic was only 360,000, of which nearly 200,000 were classed as Indians. There were only 16,200 classed as whites, and there were 1,800 put down as negroes. The balance of 144,000 were classified as mixed races.

How inadequate this population is for the development of the country, and how much room there is for more, may be judged by comparing it with the population of the New England States, nearly equal in area, but supporting, on a surface much less richer in fertility and natural resources, over 4,000,000 people. The various Nicaraguan Governments have proposed many schemes from time to time to secure immigration and thus increase the population, but these efforts have all so far proved futile.

The San Juan River, a part of which it is proposed to utilize for the great trans-Isthmian Canal, forms a part of the southern boundary between Costa Rica, and drains the great lake, the ancient "Cocibolcoa," now called Lake Nicaragua. It is a magnificent body of water about ninety-two miles in length by thirty-four in width. There are several islands in the lake, the most important of which is Ometepe, with its two volcanoes rising to altitudes respectively of 5,280 and 4,200 feet. The Government has proposed to cede this island to the United States, provided the Nicaragua route is decided upon. The island is already inhabited, having two small towns with Indian populations.

Crossing the lake to the northwestern shore we find the present city of Granada. The old city was destroyed by the filibuster Walker, who, landing with his "fifty-six immortals" to help one of the revolutionary governments, whipped the other and made himself President of the country. While the gunboats of Great Britain practically blocked the coast on both sides to prevent his receiving recruits, and the combined armies of all the Central American countries tried to get him out, Commander Davis, on the St. Mary's, went down and took him out.

It is at Granada that what little population there is begins. A short line of railroad connects Granada with Managua, the capital of the country, situated on the south of the other great lake, called Lake Managua. Another line of railroad connects with Momotombo at the head of the lake, and thence to the port of Corinto on the Pacific Ocean. The strip of country between the lakes and the Pacific Ocean varies in width from fifteen to thirty miles. It is through the narrowest part of this strip, below the town of Rivas, that the principal cutting would have to be done for the Canal.

North and northeast of the great lakes are the broad table-land valleys of Matagalpa and Jinotega, the rich mineral region being the mountains of the Segovia district which hem them in on the north. There are but two little towns up here, with meager populations, in the midst of some of the most fertile and salubrious land in the world. The land is well watered by abundant streams shedding their waters both to the Atlantic and Pacific. It is a country in which the New England farmer, with the same amount of toil which he expends on his sixty-acre farm to produce his scanty crop of hay, oats, potatoes, and corn, could produce a hundredfold.

But the conditions just now remind me very much of the youth in my own part of the country, who, after an absence of a

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year or so, returned from the West to the old farm among the rocky pastures of his native State. Gathered around the stove of the country store, his homesickness all over, he was telling his neighbor farmers what great crops they raised in Kansas, where he had been. The work was easy and the result enormous in comparison to the amount of work they had to do on their poor, worn-out little farms to get sufficient to eat.

"Well, why on 'arth didn't yer stay thar?" queried one old farmer. "If yer could raise all them 'taters an' corn ter the acre as yer say yer could, why on 'arth didn't yer stay?"

"What was I goin' ter do with it all?" was the reply; "I couldn't sell it!"

"But yer could eat it, couldn't yer?" said the old farmer.

The construction of the trans-Isthmian waterway through the productive country of Nicaragua means to that country an opening up of its latent resources, immigration, and improved transportation facilities. The construction of the canal will draw thousands of foreigners to the country, both capitalists and labor, and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see this increasing population spreading over the adjacent country both to the North and to the South, and settling on the lands which can be had for the asking. Where there are now only dense forests, silvery lakes, rushing mountain streams, and silent prairies with tall waving grass, there will spring up towns and villages, plantations and farms, and a new geographical and commercial center of the Western Hemisphere.

Now Nicaragua, in view of this future, offers to us, if we will build the Canal through her territory, a strip of her country six miles wide along the entire route of the canal. That means a strip of country nearly one hundred and fifty miles long, across the Isthmian country, United States territory. It will be fortified by Americans, garrisoned by American soldiers, policed by American police; the courts will be American, and in fact everything will be just as much American as the State of New York, and the great commercial and geographical center which is to spring up will also be American. And the American individually needs plenty of elbow-room.

The Nicaraguan Government has had a standing offer for years of one hundred and twenty acres of land to each and every family who would settle on them, and sixty acres to any single person. When we have commenced the Canal and shipped fifty thousand laborers to do the work, and hundreds of soldiers of fortune have followed in their wake, it is easy to conceive how rapidly these will spread to the north and south in quest of new homes and fortune. Farmers will go in search of farms, lumbermen in search of timber, and prospectors in search of gold. The rich lands will be made to produce sugar, coffee, tobacco, and all sorts of food supplies. Herds of cattle will roam over the prairies, rich mines will be developed and new ones discovered, the rubber of the forest gathered, and the valuable cedar and mahogany of the forest shipped to a profitable market.

And these Americans who need elbow-room as a race will continue to spread both north and south throughout the several now unimportant, sparsely populated Central American States, which have so long been devoted chiefly to the cultivation of wars and revolutions. The effect of this new graft of population upon the old can easily be judged. It will develop and increase the wealth of the country; but we might pause to ask, What will become of the few happy, careless natives who now plant their corn in virgin soil with sharpened stakes wherever they find a place that suits them? And what will become of the oligarchy that rules the country? Will it be content to see the beautiful country overrun by the strong, aggressive barbarian from the North? Will it not find all the plans for the increased wealth and development of the country but a dream, working in reality a contrary result from that viewed at a distance? And, on the other hand, will not the new and ever-increasing population of Northmen be dissatisfied with the rule of the few? And then will the great United States, with its wedge of territory splitting the American continent in half, be satisfied to remain quietly, with arms folded, while any sort of oligarchic strife goes on either on its northern or southern border?

I do not think it will take the judgment of much profound thought to answer these questions, and in their answers I

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think the inevitable result of the trans-Isthmian waterway, if the Nicaragua route be taken, will be found. And I would ask one more question: Will the probability of a great American State springing up in the midst of the Latin-American Republics, to be added in the near future to our Union, cause the anti-expansionists to throw their weight into the balance against the choice of the Nicaragua route?

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Angelot. By Eleanor C. Price. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 464 pages. $1.50.

A love story marred in its course by counter-currents from the militarism of the Napoleonic régime. The heroine, who loves Angelot, is sought in marriage by one of Napoleon's generals, a self-made man, while the girl is a daughter of the old régime. The movements of the story afford much play for the social contrasts then existing in France. The narrative is attractive and the literary quality good.

A. W. Kinglake: A Biographical and Literary Study. By Rev. W. Tuckwell. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 155 pages. $1.75.

Kinglake must have been a constantly clever and delightful companion from those days at Ottery, St. Mary's grammar-school (the "Clavering" of Pendennis), to those days when, at seventy-four years of age, he could still vault into the saddle. His was a rare personality—kind, winning, wise, reserved, sarcastic, eccentric. Half of Mr. Tuckwell's book is about Kinglake the man, and half about the society of brilliant men and women who evoked the fine fancies of the author of "Eothen." He loved to contrast these friends and set one off against another, especially those famous rivals Gladstone and Disraeli, the first, in his opinion, "a good man in the worst sense of the term, conscientious with a diseased conscience," . . . "that dreaming Tory mystic, the incarnation of Oxford exclusiveness and Puseyite reserve, passing into a radical iconoclast;" the second, "the Jew clerk in a city lawyer's office, that bad specimen of an inferior dandy, coming to rule the proudest aristocracy and lead the most fastidious assembly in the world." Kinglake's brilliant causticity thus outlined many another friend—Macaulay, Thackeray, Carlyle, Froude, Forster, Stanley, Tennyson, Thiers, Adelaide Kemble, Mr. and Mrs. Procter ("Barry Cornwall" and his wife—the latter being the "Lady of Bitterness" cited in Kinglake's "Eothen"), Lord and Lady Raglan—and what a monument to his friendship for both the Raglans was the "History of the Invasion of the Crimea"! Most interesting of all was to Kinglake (and is to the readers of this book) that faithful friend of many years, Madame Novikoff. Though the historian's letters to his own family were destroyed by his own desire, no embargo was laid on those to Madame Novikoff; in this volume we have many interesting extracts from them. Mr. Tuckwell's is a book which reminds one strongly of Mr. Tollemache's delightful volume on Benjamin Jowett. These are not elaborate biographies; they are assured of a more immediate welcome, for they are acute appreciations at close range of notable and lovable personalities.

Children's London (The). By Charlotte Thorpe. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 7½×10 in. 229 pages. $2.50, net.

Copiously and well illustrated with pictures of the sights of London which interest children. The text is intended for children's reading, but is in places rather arid for that purpose.

Crime in its Relations to Social Progress. By Arthur Cleveland Hall, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 428 pages.

An extraordinarily interesting history of the development of crime and punishment among the savage races, and in our own race from the dawn of civilization until now. The author is a little too fond of his paradoxical thesis that the development of crime is essential to social progress, for the thesis merely means that, as society becomes more and more complex, more and more acts must be repressed, and society advances by its struggles to make the repression effective. However, a love of putting truths in a striking way is not a common fault with the authors of such feats of scholarship as this, and the volume will hold the attention of readers whom most sociologies would repel. This book is almost as full of interest to students of law as to students of sociology.

Commonwealth or Empire: A Bystander's View of the Question. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 82 pages. 60c.

Dr. Goldwin Smith's critical spirit is not constructive, but on the literary side his is the most important anti-imperialist essay that has yet appeared. He maintains that the policy of this country in the Philippines is opposed to the genius of our government, and for that very reason has been applauded abroad by the classes which have always been hostile to our democracy, and has been a source of embarrassment and dismay to those which have always been our friends. "To the enemies of equality and democracy," he writes, "our republic has always been an object of aversion and alarm. Loud, almost frenzied, was the shout of exultation with which, at the outbreak of secession,

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aristocracy and plutocracy in Europe hailed its apparent fall." The author was at that time one of the few influential Englishmen who stood out against this class in sympathy with our Government, and he believes that his present opposition to this class in criticism of our Government is necessitated by the same love of democracy which guided him then. The present forces arrayed against our commonwealth, he says, are "plutocracy, militarism, and imperialism," and these three continuously sustain one another. What he writes will be read with interest by all who are awake to the dangers as well as the opportunities of the new course.

Demonic Possession in the New Testament. By William Menzies Alexander. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¾×8½ in. 288 pages. $1.50, net.

Dr. Alexander holds to the reality of demonic agency in a limited number of cases of alleged "possession." The criterion of reality he finds in the confession of the supposed demoniacs that Jesus was the Messiah or Son of God. These cases were limited to the early part of Jesus' ministry. Their occurrence and this limitation he ascribes to an ebullition of Satan's wrath when it appeared that his downfall was nigh. These views are presented in various side-lights from the historical and medical side of the subject. It may be doubted whether the author has reasonably solved his problem, the depths of which have perhaps not yet been sounded by psychology.

Domain of Art (The). By Sir W. Martin Conway. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 170 pages. $2.50, net.

Perhaps the author is better known in America as a mountaineer than as an art critic, but these lectures delivered at Cambridge, England, on the Slade foundation, are notable for their sane view of life as well as art, are free from technicality, and are admirably simple in expression. The topics discussed are, The Art of the Amateur, The Art of Living, Art Criticism, The Practical Value of Art, Art History, and The Succession of Ideals.

Dorothy South. By George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 453 pages. $1.50.

There is no novelty of theme here, yet the story has charm, ease, and naturalness of treatment. Dr. Arthur Brent, a young man of Southern antecedents, Northern born and European bred, arrives in Virginia to take possession of an estate left him by a relative just deceased. He finds the mansion at Wyanoke presided over by two ladies, Aunt Polly, who manages the slaves, and Dorothy South, who manages Aunt Polly. Dorothy is only sixteen, but her exceptional character develops itself with the outbreak of typhoid among the slaves, when she constitutes herself the doctor's head nurse. A mystery surrounds the girl's mother, who is supposed to be dead, but is not. There is a double love motive, and a tyrannical neighbor makes trouble; but the story ends as the reader would have it. The negroes are capitally sketched and furnish some delectable humor. Mr. Eggleston shows the art of the story-teller born.

Egypt: Handbook for Travelers. Edited by Karl Baedeker. With Maps, Plans, and Vignettes. (Fifth Remodeled Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. 408 pages. $4.50, net.

The fifth edition of Baedeker's well-known handbook to Egypt includes the two volumes formerly devoted to Upper and Lower Egypt. The text has been considerably curtailed; but, by confining himself to essential points and arranging his material with care, the editor believes that he has made this edition quite as useful in a single volume as were the two volumes which preceded it.

Formation of Christian Character (The): A Contribution to Individual Christian Ethics. By W. S. Bruce, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 369 pages. $1.75, net.

On this subject Dr. Bruce writes not as a closet student, but in close contact with the realities of life. For him the pressing interest is not in the current theories of ethics, but in an ethical manhood, the development of the Christian character needed as the chief factor in modern civilization for the solution of its troublesome problems. His standpoint is distinctively Christian. Jesus Christ is "the productive archetype" of the ideally human character. The treatment of the subject is based on a sound psychology, as well as on the intuitions of a Christianized conscience. The culture of the whole man, of the body, of the mind, as well as of the feelings and the will, is insisted on. The self-regarding as well as the altruistic duties are kept in view. If in presence of despotic public opinion in a small community one cannot preserve his individuality, it may be his duty to forego society for the preservation of his better self. Dr. Bruce writes with the conviction that ethical culture is sadly neglected, but that the trend of feeling toward its revival is unmistakable. His course of thought is mainly individualistic, for so must the revival begin; but he is well aware that, while proceeding from individual centers, it must bear its fruit in social betterment. This will in course of time be shown in another volume, one's expectation of which is enhanced by the effectiveness with which the present volume deals with the fundamental need of to-day.

Fors Clavigera: Extracts from Letters to Girls. By John Ruskin, LL.D. Unity Publishing Co., Chicago. 9¾×6¼ in. 32 pages, paper.

Ruskin's "Advice to Girls" has repeatedly appeared in selections from "Fors Clavigera" issued by his own publisher and others. This tasteful pamphlet, with a portrait of Ruskin for its frontispiece, was issued specially as an Easter souvenir, but it will never be out of season. It is, says its editor, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, "only for those who with Lenten humility and Easter aspirations seek the spiritual life."

Four-Place Logarithmic Tables containing the Logarithms of Numbers and of the Trigonometric Functions. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 29 pages.

Game of Love (The). By Benjamin Swift. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 314 pages. $1.50.

This story opens in the lower Bohemian quarters of London, introducing us to a

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French girl who sells flowers in the street, and to several men characters who live by their wits, some in open dishonesty. Through the appearance among them of a rich old miser of good family the story shifts to the country, and among titled shire families. Three distinct love stories run through the book, and are equally well handled. There are humor, tragedy, sensation, and some delineation of character. An able but eccentric physician, whose poverty forbids his making use of his scientific knowledge, is one of the most effective characters in a story which shows throughout the hand of a practiced writer and a constructive mind.

Helpful Thoughts from the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antonius. Selected by Walter Lee Brown. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4¼×6½ in. 127 pages.

Hohenzollern. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 288 pages. $1.50.

Those who were attracted by this spirited romance as it appeared in magazine form will doubtless wish to read it again as a book, for it is rich in vivid and dramatic touches. Indeed, the very dedication of the story, "To the descendants of the great Germanic race . . . who rule the world," will of itself insure it a wide reading; the more so since the struggle for the love of a woman, which makes up its theme, was fought out between the founder of the early German Empire, Frederick Barbarossa, and Count Hohenzollern, founder of the present ruling family of Germany. The action occupies only two days in the middle of the twelfth century—at about the time the war-cries of Guelph and Ghibelline began.

Holy Days and Holidays: A Treasury of Historical Material, Sermons in Full and in Brief, Suggestive Thoughts and Poetry, Relating to Holy Days and Holidays. Compiled by Edward M. Deems, A.M., Ph.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 6½×10 in. 767 pages. $5. (Postage, 38c.)

This is not so much a reference-book as a crutch for lame ministers.

Lord Alingham, Bankrupt. By Marie Manning. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 288 pages. $1.50.

Another novel dealing with international matrimony. The talk is clever and witty; in fact, all of the characters are given to epigram in a somewhat unnatural degree. The general effect is lively and amusing to a rather unusual extent, and one is therefore inclined to forgive the decided weakness of the construction and the lack of reality in some of the people. The action takes place on an ocean steamer, in an English baronial mansion, and on a Western ranch.

Lake Placid Conference on Home Economics: Proceedings of the First, Second, and Third Conferences, September 19-23, 1899; July 3-7, 1900; June 28-July 5, 1900. Copies may be had from Miss S. M. Elliott, 118 Charles St., Boston. 6½×9½ in. 130 pages. $1.

As only a limited number can attend the Lake Placid Conferences, while the number of people the Conferences concern is unlimited, it is well that the proceedings of the first three meetings have been published in this neat pamphlet. The trustees of the Lake Placid Club are endeavoring to gather each summer at Lake Placid those who are giving thought and work to the methods for insuring better home-making. The first meetings have mainly considered the study of various forms of domestic science in the schools, from the courses of Massachusetts high schools to those of agricultural colleges in the West. This report contains some addresses given at the Conferences, summaries of others, conclusions reached in discussion, and is full of suggestions for promoting simplicity of living.

Literary Year-Book and Bookman's Directory (The), 1901. Edited by Herbert Morrah. Francis P. Harper, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 420 pages. $1.25.

Contains a mass of information of value to authors, publishers, and newspaper men about English books and authors, agents, copyright agreements, book sales, royalties, etc., etc.

Mary Boyle: Her Book. Edited by Sir Courtenay Boyle, K.C.B. (Third Impression.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¾×8 in. 292 pages. $3, net.

A placidly pleasing record of the life of a gracious, sweet-hearted, witty English gentlewoman.

Mary Garvin: The Story of a New Hampshire Summer. By Fred Lewis Pattee. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 383 pages. $1.50.

Mary Garvin is the daughter of a well-to-do, close-fisted farmer. The girl's ambition to make more of herself is first quickened into activity through the discovery that the man she is most interested in—the educated son of the village blacksmith—has yielded to the charm of a cultured young woman from the city. Then begins Mary's struggle to win her father's consent to let her go to the city for education. Hereupon Joel Green, the hired man, comes to the front and places at Mary's disposal his savings, two thousand dollars. This rouses the old man's pride, and Mary has her way. Joel is the most resourceful and entertaining character in a story which has not a really dull character in it. A succession of entertaining events take place among a group of people admirably well contrasted. There are play of character, fun, and atmosphere. Those who enjoy pictures of typical New England country life will not be disappointed in this story.

Master of Caxton (The). By Hildegard Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 411 pages. $1.50.

A love story of Southern life, well told and rich in local tone and coloring, although its characters do many things more romantically improbable than we are wont to associate with the practical trend of Southern life of to-day. The heroine, daughter of poor whites, is taken at the age of four and brought up by a Northern woman, who on dying leaves the girl all her wealth on condition that she will carry out her own philanthropic ideals. Once free, the girl foregoes wealth and all and seeks her kindred in the South. Here she meets the master of Caxton, a young man whose sense of honor touches the quixotic. The situations which surround him and others whose life intermix with his are odd, almost bizarre, and it speaks well for the author's art

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that she succeeds in making them attractive, even lovable, to her readers. She imbues her work with the charm belonging to the born story-teller.

More Tales of the Birds. By W. Warde Fowler. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 232 pages. $1.

Stories about birds told for children. Each bird not only has the exact and proper attributes of its own species, but is endowed by the author with human speech, so that the tales have that delightful half-animal, half-dramatic character which children always love.

Municipal Year Book of the United Kingdom for 1902 (The). Edited by Robert Donald. Edward Lloyd, Limited, London, England.

This valuable year-book is this year made unusually interesting by the account of the success of municipal telephone systems in Glasgow, Tunbridge Wells, and the States of Guernsey. Many other English cities have municipal telephone plans under consideration. Municipal street railways and gas-works continue to be extended, and the reports from different cities indicate almost uniform success. Glasgow's street railways last year yielded a net income of $585,000 over operating expenses, or three times the sum needed for interest on the capital invested. A large sum was wisely set aside to offset depreciation and amass a sinking fund.

None but the Brave. By Hamblen Sears. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 309 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Nonsense for Old and Young. By Eugene Field. Illustrated. Henry A. Dickerman & Son, Boston. 4½×7 in. 58 pages.

A selection from the squibs which appeared originally in the Denver "Tribune." Some of these are pure fun, irresistibly laughable; some are humorously satirical, some merely farcical, and just a few—very few—are coarse.

Old Blackfriars: A Story of the Days of Sir Anthony Van Dyck. By Beatrice Marshall. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 323 pages. $1.50.

Several love episodes, rather than love stories fully worked out, run through the pages of this book, which treats of well-known Court personages in the time of King Charles the First. Van Dyck is the central figure, and we witness his courtship of and marriage to Lady Mary Ruthven, the King's ward. The scenes are laid during the brewing of the civil strife, and close with the death of the great painter and the opening of the war. The glimpses caught of the King, Queen, and royal children are interesting. Many charming bits of art history and personal episodes in the career of noted people are touched upon, and the whole book is well and pleasingly written.

Orphean Tragedy (The). By Edward S. Creamer. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 153 pages. $1.

Plato. By David G. Ritchie, M.A., LL.D. (The World's Epoch-Makers.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 228 pages. $1.25.

A great subject is here skillfully compressed into small compass. As an introduction to the study of Plato, it is designed for those who intend to read Plato extensively. To get at the real Plato, undistorted by the views of his disciples, is not easy. The modern call, "Back to Plato," meets difficulties quite as much as the other modern call, "Back to Christ." Professor Ritchie brings to the questions raised in this endeavor solutions occasionally differing from those commonly given. Kant's notion of the *Thing-in-itself*—that bogey so serviceable to Agnosticism—has sought indorsement from Plato's doctrine of "ideas." But Professor Ritchie holds that Plato's intelligible world is meant to be "really intelligible, and not, like Kant's, the very world we never can know." So with his doctrine of the soul—which Professor Ritchie regards as "one of the most puzzling parts of his philosophy." Its indestructibility is not, as often thought, a doctrine to be ascribed to Plato. In the notes appended to Professor Ritchie's lucid and discriminating expositions the student is furnished with ample material for independent judgment.

Practical Talks by an Astronomer. By Harold Jacoby. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 235 pages. $1, net.

Seldom is a book on an abstruse or learned subject so well adapted to the needs of readers in general. It does not aim at fullness. The several chapters, or essays, select some one phase or detail of the immense subject, and treat it in a manner that will give those who have not time to study astronomy some knowledge of many of the most interesting things in the science. There are chapters on "Navigation at Sea," "The Pleiades," "The Pole-Star," "Temporary Stars," "Time Standards of the World," "Occultations," "The Sun's Destination," and other phases which interest all. A chapter touches on some of the great astronomers, another on photography in astronomy, etc. Most of these essays have been printed before in magazines.

Prince Incognito (The). By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 320 pages.

This is a curious and rather pathetic romance woven out of incidents in the checkered career of Prince Ercole Rinaldo d'Este, hereditary Prince of Modena, who disappeared for two years from the eyes of men, says the author. The author states that she was impressed by an account of him in the "Wonderful Magazine," issued in London about fifty years ago, and that she found material for the present tale in a roll of manuscript confided to the wife of the military governor of Gibraltar from 1746 to 1751. The book is a tissue of strange adventures, and will interest those who love wonder tales and human vagaries.

Principles and Practice of Whist (The). By Lennard Leigh and Ernest Bergholt. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8¼ in. 511 pages. $1.50, net.

Here is a book which takes in all that is known or ever likely to be discovered concerning whist. It not only gives all taught by Hoyle, but goes far beyond him, giving reasons for the most trifling rules in playing cards. After all theories of games are made clear, the playing of them is illustrated by hundreds of examples of hands held during play. Indeed, the most minute art and finesse of play is

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illustrated, so that any intelligent novice may learn how to cope with experts. Hundreds of critical endings are also given.

Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Henry Esmond. In 2 vols. Edited by Walter Jerrold. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. $2.

"Prosperous" British India: A Revelation from Official Records. By William Digby, C.I.E. T. Fisher Unwin, London, England. 5½×9 in. 661 pages.

For the patient student a mine of information respecting the dark side of England's rule in India. The author admits that much good has been intended and some good accomplished for the Indian people by their British rulers, but he insists with excessive iteration that race pride, self-complacency, and self-interest have blinded the rulers to the far outweighing evils resulting from their rule. These evils, he urges, are not merely spiritual but also material. To the spiritual evils which, it is argued, result from subjection to alien rule —the loss of the power of self-government, the loss of ambition in nearly every sphere of activity, and the loss of spirit essential to the virtues of freemen—the author devotes but little space. His task is to demonstrate that even in the realm of material well-being British rule has resulted in the impoverishment of the Indian people. No one, he maintains, could write to-day of the wealth of India as Clive wrote when he entered the capital of Bengal in 1757: "The city is as extensive, populous, and rich as the city of London." The wealth of India's cities to-day is as nothing compared with the wealth of England's, and what wealth there is in India's cities is largely owned in England, or taxed to half its full rental value to pay the salaries of English officials. "Conquerors before us," says the author, "settled in the country; what they stole remained in India; they spent it or hoarded it in India;" but under English rule "nearly the whole of the wealth remaining in the country a hundred years ago has been so drained away that there is now less popular pecuniary reserve in India than in any civilized country in the world." The famines in India, he maintains, have become more destructive of life than they were a century ago. From 1800 to 1825, he says, there were but five recorded famines, resulting in perhaps a million deaths, but during the last quarter—1876 to 1900—there were eighteen famines with something like twenty-six million deaths! The incomes of the Indian people as well as their reserve funds had meanwhile decreased. No estimate is made of the average income in 1800, but two pence or four cents a day was non-officially reckoned as the average income of the Indian people in 1850, three cents a day was the official estimate in 1882, and a cent and a half a day is the author's estimate for 1900. The author's statistical argument regarding the present income of the Indian people exhibits prodigious learning, and deserves the attention of Indian officials. It does not, however, convince the lay reader, because it is so signally lacking in judicial temper. The author's long struggle with official optimism has apparently injured his mental poise. Nevertheless, he makes extremely vivid the almost incredible poverty of the Indian people and the crushing weight of English taxation. The official estimate of the Indian income—three cents a day, or $11 a year for each person—indicates a poverty more extreme than the poorest negroes in this country know anything about. Readers who will not accept the author's argument that Indian conditions are worse than English officials estimate will still be greatly impressed by his argument that the Indian people have no margin out of which to pay the high salaries of English officials, civil and military. The official figures for 1898–99 are given as follows: "8,000 Europeans received Rx 8,000,000, (£5,333,334), while nearly 130,000 Indians received Rx 7,000,000 (£4,666,667)." The average salary of India's native officials was thus £36, or $180, a year, while the average salary of her English officials was £607, or $3,000, a year! Unfortunately, the telling facts in the book are hidden in such a jungle of declamation and detail that the ordinary reader may not come upon them. The author's work was conceived in a spirit of high humanity and executed with unflinching courage and tireless industry, but his book needs to be condensed by a judicial sympathizer before it can accomplish what it should for reform in India.

Pusey and the Church Revival. By Rt. Rev. Charles Chapman Grafton, D.D. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 5×7½ in. 76 pages. 50c., net.

The Tractarian Movement was a revival not merely of ecclesiasticism but also of religion. Those who wish really to understand the genuine religious motives that give vitality to the heir of that movement, the High Church party in the Anglican Communion, will find them sympathetically stated in this little treatise. A strange commingling of what is vital in religious life and thought with what is purely mechanical characterizes this book, as it characterized the movement of which it treats.

Religious Decline Explained. By Howard William Brooks. Published by the Author, Fitchburg, Mass. 5×7½ in. 169 pages.

Revolution in the Science of Cosmology (A): The Keystone to the Arch of Science. By George Campbell. Crane & Co., Topeka, Kan. 5×7¾ in. 210 pages. $1.

Rewards of Taste (The), and Other Essays. By Norman Bridge, M.D. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 270 pages.

Readers of Dr. Bridge's book on "The Penalties of Taste," published some three years since, will wish to read this book also. By "taste" one would infer from the treatment of the subject that the writer means appreciativeness, in a wide sense, of one's environment and of one's self as conditioned thereby. Dr. Bridge is a keen observer of people and of things, and has a full note-book. He holds the mirror up to the ways of men and women with genial criticism and wholesome suggestion. The titles of his chapters offer an alluring bill of intellectual fare, *e.g.*, "The Etiology of Lying," "The Psychology of the Corset." The cultivation of general sanity in feeling and thought is promoted by all that he has to

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say, as well as by his special chapter on "The Mind as a Remedy."

Sacred Beetle (The): A Popular Treatise on Egyptian Scarabs in Art and History. By John Ward, F.S.A. Illustrated. The Translations by F. Llewellyn Griffith, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 122 pages. $3.50, net.

No volume has appeared which should do more than this to popularize among visitors to Egypt the study of scarabs. The Greek word σκαραβέιος means beetle, and a scarab is that oval-shaped object carved from stone or baked in pottery which looks as much as possible like a beetle. To the Egyptians the beetle was at once an emblem of the resurrection and of fructification. The sacred character of the insect may have arisen from the beetle's habit of laying its eggs in small pellets of dirt. When the sun's rays hatched out the eggs, a new creature seemed to emerge from the sand. Hence the Egyptians may have supposed that the beetle had power of revivifying itself after death and was in this way regarded as an emblem of the resurrection. A scarab was thus symbolically placed over the heart of a mummy. Even the Jews were familiar with this usage, as Ezekiel xi., 19, shows. As long as the old Egyptian faith subsisted, its votaries considered a scarab a sign of religion (and especially of their belief in a resurrection), just as the sign of the cross became a symbol of Christianity. If the back of the scarab was cut in the form of a beetle, on its flat oval face were engraved the name of kings, princes, and dignitaries and their titles in a cartouche, or a surrounding oval line. The scarab thus became a portable historical document, a record of the past of a people who, according to Dr. Petrie, possessed a literature seven thousand years ago. The chief value of scarabs to the student of Egyptian history lies in their help in establishing dates. Mr. Ward's collection of hundreds of beetles is illustrated by exquisitely executed plates. The collection is also a notable one in that it covers the centuries from the Third Dynasty (B.C. 4200) to the Twenty-second (B.C. 660). Now that the cemeteries of the First and Second Dynasties have been uncovered, we may expect the discovery of scarabs which shall throw new light on those dim ages. Mr. Ward has doubled the value of his volume to the general reader by inserting the portraits of the royalties whose names appear on his scarabs. There are also superb illustrations of the localities named in the text.

St. Francis of Assisi: Six Addresses in Lent. By the Rev. J. H. McIlvaine, D.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4¼×6¾ in. 158 pages. 85c., net. (Postage, 8c.)

The life of the great saint of the thirteenth century, whom all churches still revere, is briefly but strikingly outlined in these Addresses, as an incentive to faith and consecration in this modern age.

Saints of Italy Legends. Retold by Ella Noyes. Illustrated from the Old Masters. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 7¾×8 in. 161 pages. $1.50, net.

In looking at some of the early Italian pictures of the lives of the lesser known saints, those by Fra Angelico for instance, such questions come to the observer, whether young or old, as "What are those two men doing to the one with the black leg?" or, "Why are those three girls lying in bed?" The author of this charmingly printed and illustrated book narrates twelve legends taken from the subjects of pictures by such early painters as Angelico, Aretino, Lorenzetti, and Simone Martini. Children and their elders can here find much quaint and restful story-telling.

Self-Educator in English Composition (The). By G. H. Thornton, M.A. Edited by John Adams, M.A., B.Sc. (The Self-Educator Series.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 217 pages. 75c.

This valuable little volume deals wholly with the art of writing good English. The meaning of sentences, simple and compound, and how to construct and balance them, are made clear by examples of good and bad sentences. Other chapters deal with punctuation, metaphors, similes, paragraph-making, fullness or poverty of vocabulary, etc. Examples are given of common errors, and other examples from good English, together with extracts from famous pieces of literature.

Shaksperian Synopses. By J. Walker McSpadden. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 312 pages.

A small volume which gives brief reading synopses of the plays, the outline of the thirty-seven plots presented by acts in a running narrative. The cast of characters is included, together with the dates of the first printing of the plays and other primary facts.

Shakespeare's Tragedies, Histories, and Poems. Comedies with General Glossary. (Newnes's Thin Paper Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¼×6¾ in. 3 vols. $3.75, net.

A convenient and compact edition. The type is of good size, and although the thin paper is not quite opaque, the page is easily read. The binding is excellent.

Sin of Jasper Standish (The). By "Rita." R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 340 pages. $1.25.

The story shows the tribulations of an English father and daughter who hired for a time a manor-house in Ireland. Standish is handsome, fascinating, well born, and the County Inspector of Constabulary in an Irish town—where constabulary rank as military. He is guilty of many sins, the final one being murder, committed in order to obtain money to pay a gambling debt incurred on the "turf." The story shows ease and familiarity with the types handled, but neither novelty of treatment nor character-drawing in the true sense. The whole machinery is handled after the manner of sensational fiction of the old school.

Son of a Fiddler (The). By Jennette Lee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 286 pages. $1.50.

The story of a boy brought up in the country home of his grandfather, and about whose father and mother there was some sort of mystery which he did not understand, other than that his father was devoted to the violin and was disapproved of therefor. Later he goes to Boston to study music, and incident-

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ally discovers that his mother is an actress at the Boston Theater. In the drawing of this woman's character there are odd discrepancies: a light-hearted Irishwoman of expansive nature, an excellent actress, speaking purest English on the stage and in her private life the most imperfect of peasant brogues, she fails to ring true. Bohemian scenes in the city are, however, well done, and the style of the book throughout is pleasing.

Stephen Arnold Douglas. By William Garrott Brown. (The Riverside Biographical Series, No. 13.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4¼×6¾ in. 141 pages. 65c., net.

Another brilliant little biography, perfectly judicial in its estimate of its subject, but more full of life and feeling than most biographical eulogies or arraignments. This series is certainly sustaining its character.

Temple Bible (The): Hebrews and the Epistles General of Peter, James, and Jude. Edited by J. Herkless, D.D. **The Book of the Prophet Isaiah.** Edited by A. B. Davidson, D.D. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5¼ in. Per vol. 60c., net.

In these volumes the characteristics are maintained which we have noted in former volumes of the series. The volume on Isaiah is the last work of its distinguished editor, who died while it was in press.

Thomas Henry Huxley. By Edward Clodd. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 252 pages. $1, net.

Like all the books in the series Modern English Writers, this must be judged, not as an exhaustive and complete biography, but as an attempt to give in brief form those important facts about its subject which every one should know. Naturally, it suffers by close comparison with the authoritative "Life and Letters of Huxley" of last year, but it is reasonably successful in presenting in successive chapters Huxley the Man, the Discoverer, the Interpreter, the Constructor, and the Controversialist. Free use has been made of the large biography, but the work is decidedly more than a compendium. We reserve extended notice.

Training the Church of the Future: Auburn Seminary Lectures on Christian Nurture. By Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 225 pages. 75c., net.

The Christian Endeavor Society as related to the development of the individual and the Church is the subject of this convincing volume. It embodies the substance of lectures given at half a score of theological seminaries, and is predestined to be read in the churches. Dr. Clark, the originator of the Endeavor movement, has already seen nearly four million young people trained in it. May he live to see his broad conceptions of it, as outlined in this volume, more efficiently realized by those to whom the responsibility belongs. An interesting fact which he brings out is that a similar movement was started by Cotton Mather nearly two centuries since, but came to naught through neglect by the churches.

13th District (The). By Brand Whitlock. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 490 pages.

A story of political life, with scenes laid in Illinois; a stirring tale, with movement almost incessant from start to finish. Garwood, a young lawyer, son of a poor widow, finds himself pushed forward as a political hero and candidate for Congress, chiefly through the exertions of a manager of local caucuses, one Jim Rankin. The story treats its readers to a view of the workings of political trickery in full motion. The rise and fall of the hero through his own baseness of soul furnishes a living picture in political psychology. The misery he brings upon his wife, his shameless betrayal of Rankin, and the latter's method of revenge, furnish some dramatic pictures. The whole story is vigorously written, and the latent satire keen and cutting.

Waterloo Campaign, 1815 (The). By William Siborne. (Fifth Edition.) Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 832 pages. $1.50, net.

This is the fourth edition of a book which by common consent has been regarded as a pre-eminently fair and comprehensive account of the Waterloo campaign.

What Great Men Have Said About Great Men: A Dictionary of Quotations. By William Wale. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 482 pages. $2.50, net.

Windows for Sermons. By Louis Albert Banks. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8 in. 433 pages. $1.20, net. Postage, 15c.

Dr. Banks's sermons, some volumes of which have been noticed in this column, have shown him to be proficient in the use of illustration. In the present volume he endeavors to impart this to others. A chapter on "The Art of Sermonic Illustration" is prefixed to a collection of some hundreds of fresh specimens for use. Of those included under the title of "The Reformer's Quiver," the multitude illustrating the drink evil, compared with the paucity of references to other evils, indicates, we hope, not a narrow conception of the reformer's interest, but rather an opportunity for a desirable supplement.

Words of Faith and Hope. By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 212 pages. $1.25.

A collection of sermons and addresses which the late Bishop of Durham had intended to publish has been issued by his son in this volume, together with some of his latest utterances, including his address to the Durham miners just before his death. Of special interest are the three papers on "The Disciplined Life." Dr. Westcott keenly felt the need of organized protest against the spiritual barbarism which modern society exhibits in its luxurious materialism. In these papers is his proposal for it—a confraternity, not of celibates, but of families, able to command all the means of material enjoyment, but pledged together to plain living, mutual study, and devotion. Some embodiment of this idea he affirms "is one of the most urgent needs of the present age."

Works of Lord Byron (The). Vol. V. Poetry. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. (A New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition.) Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 639 pages. $2.

Young Man in Modern Life (The). By Beverley Warner, D.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 193 pages. 85c.

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Correspondence

Let the Truth Be Known

To the Editors of The Outlook:

When Sergeant Riley's letter giving an account of water torture came out over a year ago, I sent copies over the country, hoping to arouse a sentiment which would demand the cessation of this torture. I knew the Riley family and their excellent standing here, and I sent a letter with each copy stating this. Among others I sent to The Outlook; you wrote me you did not publish details of torture, and the proper thing was to report those things to the proper authorities at Washington to have them investigated and righted. It is almost needless to say that that step had already been taken, not only by me, but others wrote as well. Many papers refused, as you did, to publish the account (which was an especially important one because of the good standing of the Riley family for uprightness and intelligence), and what was the outcome? The following paragraphs from the Northampton "Herald" of April 12 will tell you:

Not until after the Twenty-sixth Regiment arrived at San Francisco in April, 1901, was anything further heard about the matter; then on May 11 the War Department issued a long statement addressed to Professor Isaac Bridgman, of this city, regarding Sergeant Riley's "water-cure" letter, the vital paragraph of which was as follows:

"The Department has looked into this matter, with the result that the officers of Sergeant Riley's regiment, including the major commanding his battalion, the captain of his company, and Sergeant Riley himself, assert positively THAT NO OFFICERS OR SOLDIERS OF THE REGIMENT TOOK PART IN ANY WATER-CURE PROCEEDINGS OR OTHER THREATS AGAINST THE NATIVES ON THE OCCASION IN QUESTION. This has been the invariable result of the investigations that have repeatedly been made as to the foundation for sensational stories sent home by soldiers in letters to their relatives."

A casual reading of this paragraph, without special attention to the words capitalized, and comparison with the "water-cure" narrative, would give the impression that Sergeant Riley had confessed himself a falsifier. Garbled newspaper reports of the War Department's statement had it that Sergeant Riley completely denied the truth of his story. The "Army and Navy Journal," both before and after the War Department's statement, made bold to denounce Mr. Riley as a liar.

As a matter of fact, the War Department's statement contains no denial of the "water-cure" narrative, but merely denials of carefully prepared questions as to whether any member or section of the Twenty-sixth Regiment participated in the giving of torture. To these questions Sergeant Riley and his superior officers could and did truthfully answer in the negative. The members of the Twenty-sixth were only spectators of the performance as conducted by members of the Gordon scouts. The inquiry at San Francisco was not pressed further, and the misleading statement of the War Department was intended to close the incident.

A copy of the letter written to Mr. Bridgman was sent to me from the War Department, which, as you will see, although *true in letter*, was intended to make people believe the story told by Sergeant Riley was false. In the Senate document which I have of "Alleged Cases of Cruelty," etc., the Riley case is also cited and practically denied, with the assertion that "soldiers are apt to draw a long bow." There the matter was closed for a time.

But a few weeks ago some additional evidence of the policy of the War Department in the case came to me which seemed to me very important, as the Philippines Committee was holding hearings, and I reported it to a gentleman in Boston. He sent my letter on to Mr. Herbert Welsh, who came on and investigated the case thoroughly at first hand. He then went to Washington, and has succeeded in having Sergeant Riley and some of his comrades called to testify before the Committee. These are the facts. These are all reputable and respected young men who are called. I myself went to Athol to see one of them—a fine, intelligent fellow, whose family, I ascertained, was an excellent one in the town, and this young man also is considered entirely reliable. He is to testify to-day. But the question is, *Will this testimony get before the people?* The Administration-policy papers are giving most meager and cut accounts of the hearings. If the War Department wished to cover over, as it did, Sergeant Riley's statements, why not others? I understand your feeling of wishing to avoid details of crime; but how are you to arouse people to demand that the crime shall cease, and shall not go unpunished, unless you give

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them individual, reliable testimony that the crime has been committed over and over again, and not only gone unpunished, but been ordered by regular army officers? People do not become aroused by *generalities*.

I am to talk to-day with another young man, just home, who saw the torture, but says "they ain't expected to say much about it." Another one who came back not long since not only saw it over and over again, but gave it under orders. I have sent his address to the Committee.

The Outlook goes all over this country, and thousands form their opinions by it. Won't you help all you can in this matter to bring it before the people and help them to realize what is going on? The young Athol soldier said to me: "If the Filipinos are treacherous, we have made them so. What would we do if we were treated as we have treated them?"

Northampton, Mass. MARY S. COBB.

[We regret to say that the suspicions of our correspondent expressed a year ago concerning the alleged cruel practices in the Philippines are now confirmed by the facts brought out in the Senate investigation. But we are glad to believe, and we ask our correspondent to remember, that these instances of cruelty are sporadic and incidental; they are not typical of the relations towards the Filipinos of either our military or our civil officials. The Outlook has steadily and urgently advocated such a Senatorial investigation of the facts as is now in progress at Washington. The President's order just issued through Secretary Root will convince those soldiers and officers who have been guilty of inhuman treatment of prisoners of war, as nothing else could convince them, that neither the Administration nor the American people will tolerate any attempt to maintain the authority of the United States by any methods save those which are recognized throughout the civilized world as humane, just, brave, and consonant with the accepted international principles of warfare. The Outlook heartily concurs in the suggestion that critics as well as friends of the Administration's policy be admitted to the hearings. Further comment upon this aspect of the Philippine insurrection will be found in the editorial columns of this issue.—THE EDITORS.]

Arbitration in the Shoe Trade

To the Editors of The Outlook:

For nearly three years the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union have enjoyed industrial peace. Under our present policy a strike in a union shoe-factory is practically an impossibility. In granting our union stamp to a manufacturer, we enter into an agreement by a signed contract that there shall be *no strike or lockout*, and, further, that all questions of wages or conditions of labor which cannot be settled by mutual agreement shall be submitted to a board of arbitration, and the decision of this board shall be final and binding upon the employer, the employees, and the union.

In Massachusetts the State Board of Arbitration is chosen as our arbiter, and this is of vast importance from the fact that sixty per cent. of the shoes manufactured in the United States are produced in that State. This policy, which may be termed "collective bargaining," is the most far-reaching trade-union policy which makes for industrial peace in place of our present industrial warfare. Carried to its logical outcome, it means nothing short of a complete revolution in the trade-union movement of America. For the success of this international trade-union, with its no-strike policy, means that every trade-union in North America will adopt a similar policy. Not only has this policy gained for us industrial peace, but it has added ten thousand members and over one hundred factories during the past twelve months. The growing demand for union-stamped shoes makes it of mutual advantage to both capital and labor to produce shoes under this wise and peaceful policy, and it is under this policy that we are growing great and powerful.

In bringing about this wise policy the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union recognize that the claims of both parties must be understood by each. When differences occur, the claims of both sides must be calmly discussed. Only shoes that bear the stamp are recognized as union-made. The union label is the guide-post pointing the way to industrial peace and trade-union progress.

It is essential to human progress that the standard of comfort be raised as high as possible. A general demand by the

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public for union-stamped shoes would guarantee industrial peace between 250,000 shoe-workers and 2,000 manufacturers.

This policy of trade agreements between employer and employee is bringing an industrial peace that is of enormous importance to America in our tremendous struggle for commercial supremacy. It is, then, to the direct interest of both the consumer and the merchant to give the full measure of support to union-stamped shoes, thus contributing their moral support on the side of industrial peace and progress.

F. G. R. GORDON.

Haverhill, Mass.

A Boy on the Boer War[1]

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It is not often that an eight-year-old boy becomes so much interested in a war in a remote part of the world that he undertakes, without encouragement or assistance, to write a history of it, and to express opinions with regard to it that are directly in conflict with those held by the older members of his family. Allen Dulles, the author of this little book, is the eight-year-old grandson of the Hon. J. W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State. Since the struggle in South Africa began, he has been an ardent admirer and partisan of the Boers—notwithstanding the fact that the sympathies of his family have been on the other side. About two months ago he determined to write a history of the war, with the avowed purpose of sending the money that he should receive from the sale of it to the Boer Relief Committee, for the benefit of the Boer children in the concentration camps. Without assistance or suggestions from any one, he went to work, and, in his leisure hours out of school, wrote this naïve, half-pathetic, half-amusing plea for the Boers and their rights. The book is divided into seven chapters, which are entitled respectively, "The Boers and British in South Africa," "The First Year of Fighting," "The Farm Burning," "The Second Year of Fighting," "De Wet's Escape," "The Enportment of Horses to South Africa," "The Last." Proof-readers have not been allowed to correct any of the author's mistakes in grammar or spelling; and in form as well as in spirit the "History" is a faithful reflection of a boy's thoughts, impressions, and knowledge. He ascribes the war wholly to British greed. "When the Boers came to the land," he says, "they expected to make themselves into a country;" but the British heard of the gold there and "began to steal in and spread out." "For the British could not have the Dutch getting gold; so she had to go and meddle with them, which brought on war. . . . Britain did not hear about the gold right away but as soon as he did hear he sent trupes. . . . It was not right for the british to come in and get the land because the Boers came first. . . . But it looks now as if the Boers were being driven out of the land. It is not because there is not room enough on the earth, for there is room enough for everybody to be comfortable, but the reason is that every nation wants more land than each other, even if they haven't enough people to cover the space. . . . England ought to be content if she owned the mines where gold is, but no, she wants to have the land to. She is all the time picking into little countries, . . . but she never dares to fight eather China or Russia. Some people think that the British rule is not very bad; but you have to do just what they say and you cannot feel free to do what you want, like you could if they had their own rule."

Master Dulles has a very low opinion of British artillery practice, and of British fighting methods in general. "One day," he says, "the British tied 10 billy goats to try the afects of some lideight shels; so he fired about 20 at them and then went up to see how many were left, and he found there were 11—one had been born."

On another occasion "when Botha attack Lord Roberts, he and his soldiers went and hid behind the concentration camps for safety, and the Boers in trying to kill the British killed 11 Boer women. That shoes how unmanly and cowardly the British are, trying to conquer the Boers."

The author comments upon the farm-burning as follows: "The British found that if they could not fight the Boers out of their land that they would burn them out, so they began to burn the land. . . . They saw that the farm-burning did not hurt the gold but it did the Boers, they were after the gold and they didn't care

[1] *The Boer War: A History.* By Allen Welsh Dulles. Privately printed at Washington, D. C. 50c.

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what they did to the Boers just so they got it."

In conclusion Master Dulles says: "The Boers love their country especially and they ought to have it in spite of the wicked English who are trying to rob them of it. I hope that the Boers will win for the Boers are in the wright and the British are in the wrong in the war."

"The Boer War" is having a wide circulation in Washington, and the first edition has already been exhausted.

G. K.

Representation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Spectator, in his article in The Outlook of March 22, in comparing the House of Commons of the British Parliament with our own House of Representatives, errs in saying that we are restricted to a local choice of a Representative. A member of Congress must be a resident of the State, but not necessarily of the district, he represents. In one instance, in Wisconsin, Richard Guenther represented a district in which he did not reside. Some discussion was excited at the time, but it was settled that it was legal, and he was elected by the voters of a district of which he was not and never had been a resident. There is nothing to forbid a man living in Milwaukee from representing a district on Lake Superior.

Little Wolf, Wis. S. A. P.

[The point raised by our correspondent is interesting and to many will be novel. The Spectator was not speaking technically, but inclusively, and his phrase, "restricted to a locality choice"—not "local," as the correspondent quotes him—referred to the Senate no less than the House, and to the State and not necessarily to the Congressional district. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" thus (page 186) covers the point: "Under the Constitution every Representative and every Senator must, when elected, be an inhabitant of the State whence he is elected. Moreover, State law has in many, and custom practically in all, States, established that a Representative must be resident in the Congressional district which elects him. The only exceptions to this practice occur in large cities, where occasionally a man is chosen who lives in a different district of the city from that which returns him; but such exceptions are extremely rare. This restriction surprises a European." A foot-note adds that probably such a State law is invalid, as narrowing the qualification for election under the Federal Constitution, but adds that "so far as I have been able to ascertain, the point has never arisen for determination."]

The Boer Prisoners

To the Editors of The Outlook:

We have a pressing appeal for some awnings for the Boer prisoners at Bermuda who are already under a hot sun. Please to observe that we are already twenty days, more or less, on the sunny side of the equinox. Have you not some readers who will like to help in providing these awnings, which will cost one hundred and fifty dollars? The sooner they go the better, and we can have them finished in a week.

I have seen some chatter in ill-informed journals, as if such services as these to the Boer prisoners were disagreeable to the English Government. This is an absurd mistake. We are acting in co-operation with an English committee on the island, and have from the first received every courtesy from the Governor and his associates. The service which we render to the prisoners is exactly of the sort which the Sanitary Commission rendered to our army in the Civil War. I never heard it said in those days that Dr. Bellows or Mrs. Curtis was insulting Abraham Lincoln or General Grant.

There was one accidental instance where the Custom-House charged some duties on clothing sent from Boston. As soon as the Governor's attention was called to the oversight, he sent a message to the Assembly, and the Assembly immediately returned the money.

Checks may be sent to either Mrs. M. C. Whitman or to me at the office of Lend a Hand, 1 Beacon Street, Boston.

EDWARD E. HALE.

The Outlook in the Mines

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Several weeks ago you requested your subscribers who felt like doing so to give some reasons why they read The Outlook. I am not a learned man, not having had the advantages of an educa-

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tion, but I am a great admirer of The Outlook, and could not get along without it. There are many reasons why I enjoy reading The Outlook, and some of them are:

(1) It is outspoken on all questions, and tells the truth as it sees it though the heavens fall.

(2) It chronicles news regarding the best things of life—the moral, the intellectual, the religious—and does all this without any narrowness.

(3) It is edited by some of the ablest men in America.

(4) It is clean, chaste, and everything in it is worth reading. This can be said of few magazines, I take it.

(5) The articles in each number on current events and history are unsurpassed; and the contributed articles are worth more than the price charged for the magazine, such as "Up from Slavery," "The Making of an American," Mabie's Life of Shakespeare, Dr. Abbott's articles, "Religious Life in America," "History of a Hundred Years," "The Spectator," "Glengarry," etc.

What I am going to say may or may not be of interest to you. I got my early education in the coal-mine, working in same from eleven to twenty-five years of age. I have brothers still following mining, two of whom are on your list and are greatly interested in The Outlook. They told me last summer that they read everything in each number. Now to what I am going to say: When visiting home (which is at East Greenville, near Massillon and Canton, O.), one of my brothers told me that quite a number of the miners there were readers of The Outlook, and when "Up from Slavery" and "The Making of an American" came out in The Outlook, they were discussed daily in the mines. He said it was quite an impressive sight to see a large number of men gathered together to eat lunch or dinner, the subject of their conversation being those splendid articles. My brother had given them trial subscription cards for The Outlook, and to see them so deeply interested was very gratifying to him. May the day not be far distant when all the laboring men of our country will enjoy reading such a magazine as The Outlook!

Wellston, O. W. R. D.

The Stony Wold Sanatorium

In the tenement districts of New York City there are at present nearly thirty thousand sufferers from tuberculosis; in the entire State of New York only five sanatoria exist for the care of this class of patients. There remain over twenty-six thousand patients to be provided for. The most pressing need is a refuge for those in the incipient stages. About six months ago a number of benevolently disposed women organized to obtain the means for this provision. After visiting a number of sites, an ideal one in many respects was found. It is known as Kushaqua, a tract of over twelve hundred acres in Franklin County, New York. It is situated between the Chateaugay Railway and the Adirondack Division of the New York Central. It has an elevation of over seventeen hundred feet, and is within easy driving distance of the principal resorts in the Adirondacks, Loon Lake being but three miles away, Rainbow Lake six, Paul Smith's nine, Saranac Lake twenty-one, and Lake Placid thirty. The tract comprises a lake a mile wide and three miles long, five camps, an electric light plant, a steam laundry, and ice-houses. The name Stony Wold was selected as being peculiarly appropriate. There is an abundance of stone about the lake, and "wold," signifying "an elevated tract of woodland where hunters fish and roam," is also pertinent, as the lake is famous for its fishing grounds and as there is an abundance of game in the surrounding woods. The hotel on the property is unsuitable for winter use and its removal will be necessary, but its bedroom furniture will be available for a new structure. The station on the Adirondack road is but two minutes' walk from the site of the proposed sanatorium. The entire property can be purchased for $20,000; to begin the erection of buildings the sum of $60,000 is needed, and for an endowment fund $50,000 additional. Forty thousand dollars have already been subscribed; those who wish to aid this excellent work are urged to send their contributions to Mrs. H. L. Satterlee, Treasurer, 80 Madison Avenue, New York City. The President is Mrs. James Edgar Newcomb, 118 West Sixty-ninth Street, and the Corresponding Secretary Mrs. J. B. Taylor, 151 West Seventy-fourth Street, from whom

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complete information may be obtained. Present plans call for a three-story central building, to which will be added on either side four two-story dormitories, each containing twenty-five rooms, and connected with the main building by glass-inclosed corridors. These dormitories are to be erected on a half-circle so as to admit of the best ventilation and light. The plans have been approved by such authorities as Drs. Janeway, Shrady, Newcomb, Knight, Delafield, and Cauldwell. The Stony Wold Sanatorium is non-sectarian. It will be open to working-girls, young married women, and children (boys under twelve years of age). It should receive ample support.

Negroes and Higher Education

Our attention has been called to the fact that Mr. Calloway, whose expedition to Africa was described in a recent number of The Outlook, is a graduate of Fisk University, and that he, like many others who are leaders in the industrial development of the negro race, received his training in a university for the so-called higher education of the negroes. The fact that most of these universities have been managed with a rather tactless disregard of the feelings and opinions of the people among whom they are situated, and that they met the needs of a minority rather than a majority of the race, should not cause those who are interested in the education of the negro to forget, what many of the people of the South are recognizing, that these earlier institutions met a real need and have had no small influence in the development of the industrial education which to-day is such a hopeful sign for the future of the American negro.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Why do Episcopalians or others bow the head or body at the name of Jesus Christ in the recitation of the creed, or at other times during the church services? What is the origin of the custom? Why bow the head at the mention of the name of Jesus rather than at the name of the God the Father or at that of the Holy Spirit? Is it regarded by the Church as in any sense obligatory, or is it optional? Should one not belonging to an Episcopal church, in attending the services of that church, feel under obligation to observe the usage? To me it savors somewhat of superstition and of rendering higher honor to Christ than to the other persons of the Trinity, which I do not feel disposed to do. E.

We have supposed the custom originally based itself on St. Paul's saying, "that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow" (Philippians ii., 10). Those attached to the custom might reply to the objector that they regard all Deity as manifest in Christ. They might quote St. John (John ii., 23), 'he that confesseth the Son hath the Father also," and point to the Scriptures that call the Holy Spirit "the Spirit of Christ." If one has no scruple at attending a place of worship with knowledge of its customary usages, he can hardly excuse himself for not conforming to its usages.

1. What do the Hebrews of the present day believe and teach with regard to life beyond the grave? 2. Does Dr. Abbott hold that Job was a real person, "perfect and upright," and was all of that terrible story of the Devil experimenting with him a story of real life? or was it a fiction or a poem? T. E. A.

1. They believe that there is such a life, and that it is a life which inherits the consequences of a good or of an evil life in the present world. In general, their doctrine does not advance beyond the teaching on this subject discoverable in the Old Testament. 2. The universal opinion of scholars regards the Book of Job as one of the grandest of dramatic poems. Its subject is the Problem of Evil, on which the greatest minds of the world have labored. The poem amplifies and embellishes some historical tradition concerning Job, who was probably a real personage. Read Professor Genung's "Epic of the Inner Life" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $1.25).

I read with interest your article on "Immortality" in The Outlook. I find it very hard to believe entirely in Christ, but do believe thoroughly in God, and think if a man does his very best he will get his reward. I see you lay some stress in believing in the Messiah. Do you not think if a man believes in God it is enough? Perhaps the other belief will come to me later. R. H. S.

Believing in God and believing in Christ are represented in the New Testament as identical. But many mistake for this a belief of something *about* God and *about* Christ—which is entirely different. To believe *in* God is, as St. Paul says, to "be imitators of God as beloved children." It is to center one's life in filial loyalty to God. This is precisely what we see in Christ—a life at one with God in heart and conscience and conduct. To believe *in* Christ is to imitate him in this, to try to reproduce his life in conforming our thoughts and ways to those of our Father.

Can any one tell me where I can find a poem called "The Archer," and another beginning,

"Morn calleth fondly
To a fair boy straying
'Mid golden meadows
Rich with harvest dew"? E. B.

Who is the author of the following lines:

"Tho' I am poor and cannot have
The rare, time-mellowed things of art,
God keeps an open gallery
Of glories for the poor in heart"? G.

I wish to make inquiry as to the authorship of this: "Woe to the people upon whose judgment seat a stranger sits, and at whose gates a stranger watches." W. A. C.

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